

643 h. 4  
X I M E N E S;

A

T R A G E D Y:

BY

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

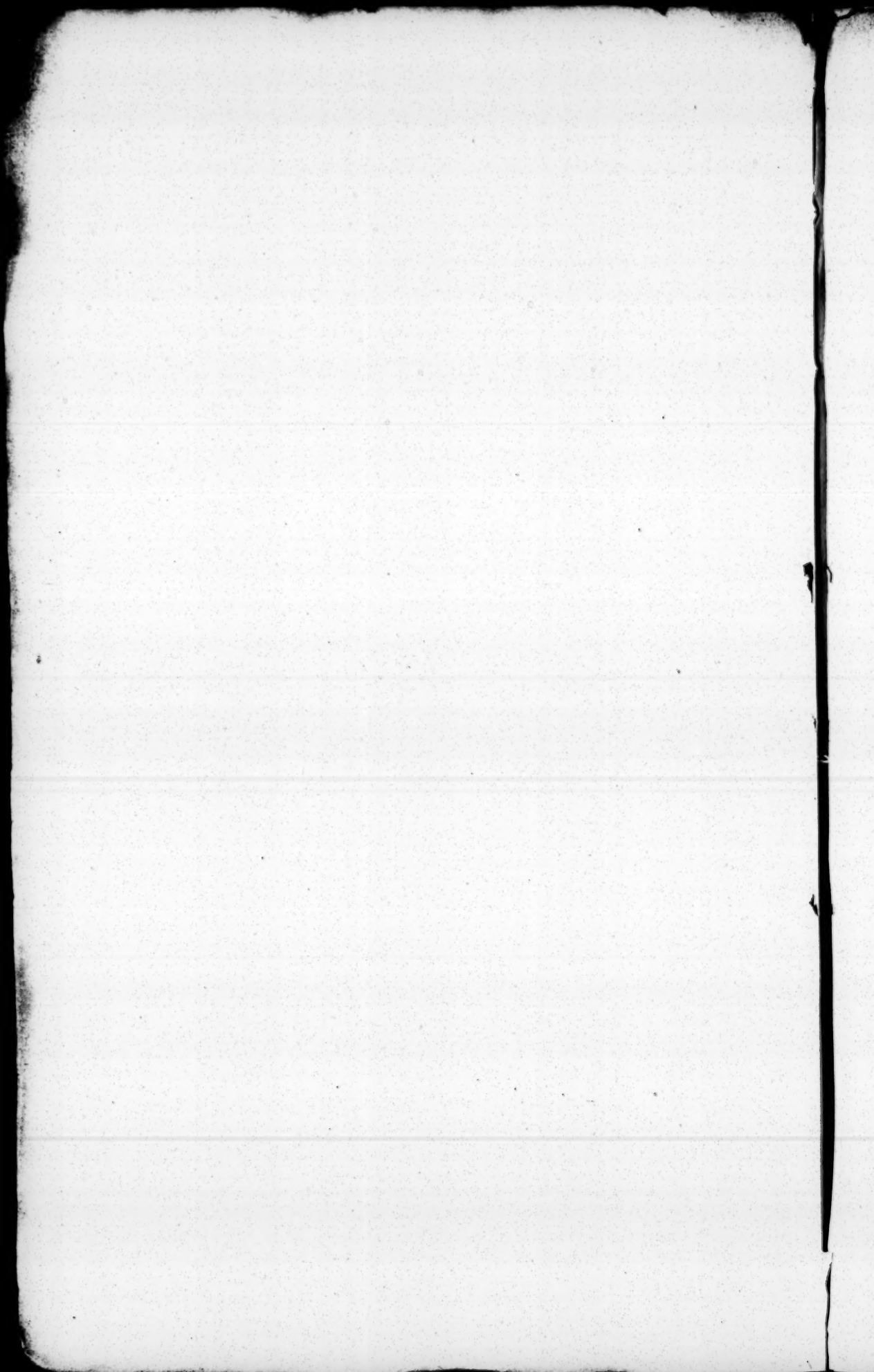
——— Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the World;—*This* was a Man!

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET.

———  
MDCC LXXXVIII.





TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD THURLOW,  
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND;

THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDY

O F

X I M E N E S

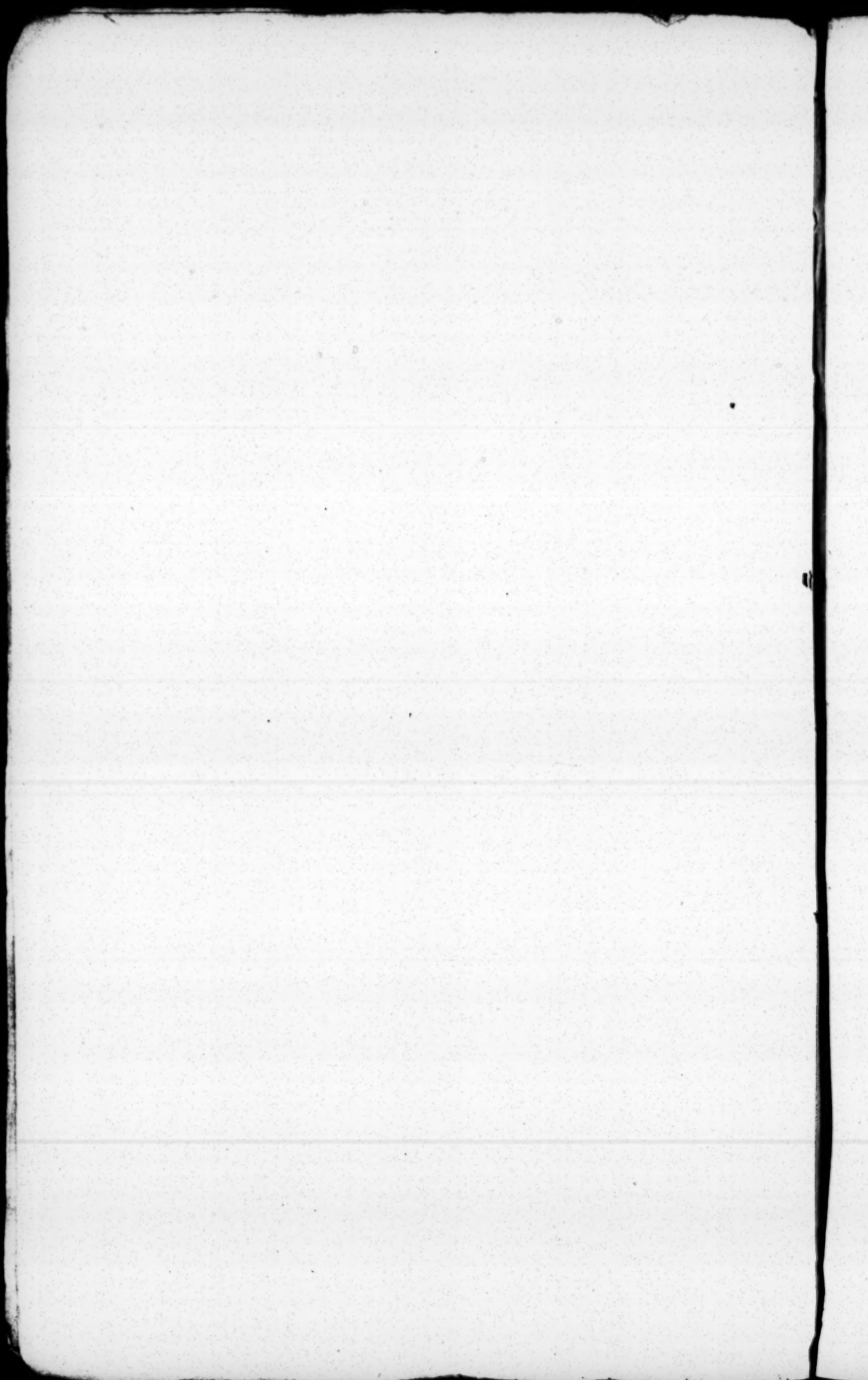
(WHO WAS, MANY YEARS, CONNECTED WITH  
A COURT, YET ALWAYS PRESERVED A  
SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE; WHO ADMINI-  
STERED EQUITY, WITH THE MOST CONSCIEN-  
TIOUS IMPARTIALITY; WHO, IN THE MOST  
TRYING JUNCTURES OF AN ACTIVE AND AR-  
DUOUS LIFE, WAS DETERMINED, AND INTREPID)

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOUR.



---

T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**I** AT first determined to write this Tragedy, with an intention to have it brought on the stage. It's fortunate theatrical representation would have been of great importance to my interest, and to the satisfaction of my mind. My disappointment, in it's progress towards publick notice (for which I was well prepared, by preceding, and long adversity) was uniform with the current of my life. Therefore it was easily borne by a philosophy, not bestowed on me by nature; nor formed, and established by voluntary discipline; but vigorous, I hope, and matured, by the gradual, rugged, and necessary culture, of harsh events. I should certainly not have sent my Tragedy to the press, if I had not thought it's composition worthy of a poet. A more particular account of it's rise, and fate, to the present time, I think I owe to myself, and to the great tribunal to which I now appeal. The account I shall give, with that sincerity, and frankness, which have, hitherto, characterized

a 3 ized

ized my writings. My enemies are to *me*, such insignificant beings, that I am now deliberately preparing for them, topicks of gratification. Let them enjoy their puny triumphs; while the very means which afford exultation to *them*, procure for *me* the candour, the sympathy, the esteem of humane, and liberal minds; while to my wishes they propitiate *Literary Fame*.—Thou splendid, august, and most powerful object! All the avocations, all the anxieties of a precarious, and changeful life; all the possible discouragements, and mortifications to ingenuous pursuits; all the virulence, and activity of malice, have not extinguished, have not cooled, the ardour of my homage to thee!—Nor have these formidable foes to inflexible merit, and to its immediate, and useful rewards, been able to deprive me of *thy* smiles! Shall I adopt the language of austere, and frozen wisdom, and call thee a vapour, a painted, and delusive meteor!—No! I will not profane thy sacred name! I will not be impiously ungrateful to thee for thy influence!—It is *thine*, to people, and to vary solitude, with beings of beautiful form, and expression; to make silence emphatical, and oracular; to inspire, and to urge the conquest of tyranny, and oppression; to dignify even poverty;



verty ; and to mingle the tear of rapture with that of affliction!—Shall I then join the affected, and pedantick schoolmen, in a sacrilegious contempt of thee ! No ! thou healest the wounds of injured sensibility ; thou callest forth it's noblest exertions ; therefore thou art an emissary from God !

The present and surrounding objects are apt, too forcibly to impress a feeling mind. Those objects, however, according to their nature, may, either infuse immoral, and depraved, or generous, and exalted sentiments. The three last years of my life I have passed in retirement, which can never be unfruitful to *him* who is habituated to intellectual employment. A conversation with our own unbiassed thoughts, and with rural images, produces charming, and salutary effects. It reinstates, in our hearts, the rightful empire of nature ; it gives imagination it's virtuous, free, and unbounded range : we forget, or we disdain the usurpation, and despotism of fashion, which boldly limit, and confine, even the emanations of the soul. Though I was not a stranger to the town, nor to the indispensable requisites for a modern drama ; yet when my sequestered, and rustick hours were devoted to important, and interesting themes, superficial,

cial, and transitory rules, and arts vanished from my sight; and I indulged the too discursive, and luxuriant scope, of reason, and of fancy. I unfortunately considered, not so much what the heroes of my piece would be allowed to say at Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane, as what they might naturally, and perhaps elegantly, and spiritedly have said, in their own particular, and respective situations. I gave them those connected, and cogent strains, in the defence of private, and publick virtue, with which France has been delighted, from the days of Corneille, and Racine, to those of Voltaire, and Crebillon; but to which a patient ear has been refused by us, who are esteemed a serious, and thinking people.—I was not sufficiently attentive to the superficiality, and gaiety of the times, while I raised and dignified my drama, with moral and sacred objects. I beg that even the reader who is a dupe to fashion, may not be prejudiced against my tragedy by what I am now acknowledging: all *that* superstition, fanaticism, and spiritual tyranny, which render an absolute priest the most odious of human beings, are arraigned, and reprobated:—while all *that* true, and amiable religion, which adorns, and almost deifies

P R E F A C E. ix

fies the man, is warmly recommended, and enforced.

From the inauspicious parts of my play, to which I have now referred, and which I could not omit, nor alter, without changing it's whole structure, Mr. Harris thought it not adapted to theatrical representation. I have no doubt that managers may be insolent; and I have been maliciously misrepresented as a very irritable man: but I must here assure the publick, that the manner in which he declined from accepting my Tragedy, did very great credit to *him*, as a gentleman, and to *me*, as a poet. When Providence is pleased to grant me a cessation from various calamity; when I enjoy my halcyon-days of literary leisure, and of unbroken intellectual force; I hope I shall compose, for the stage, another drama; in which immediate business, incident, situation, and passion, shall decisively, and regularly restrain, and direct, the current of my mind. In the mean time, I request, from the publick, their favourable acceptance of the Tragedy of Ximenes. I thought (but not without a proper anxiety) that it had merit. The sanction of Mr. Jerningham has, now, removed my jealousy of my own feelings, and of my own opinion.

For



For the more elegant, and forcible arrangement of my play, I have violated the chronology, and the history of the times of Ximenes. I suppose, for instance, that Ferdinand, and Isabella were dead, at the conquest of Granada; though, in fact, they were, both, living at that memorable æra. It will not be disputed that such licences are the indubitable privileges of a poet.

After I had composed, and distinctly written my Tragedy, I new modelled, and again fairly copied it. All this unprofitable exertion, and labour, will excite the sneer of enmity, and malice. But these gorgons are already banished from my fancy; they are succeeded by an attractive, and consoling image; by the regret of the generous.

Much animation, great improvement in this play, I am proud to acknowledge that I owe to the suggestions, and advice of Mr. Jerningham. And in justice to his judgement, I must observe, that he doubted it's theatrical success. If I took not this opportunity to pay a sincere and particular tribute of gratitude to that gentleman, I should do violence to my sentiments, and to my understanding.—*His* correspondence actuated my mind with the most lively, and picturesque ideas, in my dreary solitude; it sublimated, with  
the



P R E F A C E. xi

the æther of Italy, the mildews of Northumberland. I flatter myself that he will have the *inclination*, I am sure that he will have the *power*, even when we are many degrees distant from each other, to refine, with the charming magick of poetry, and of friendship, the \* pure atmosphere of a more genial clime. To *me*, he may pour fresh classical beauty, and majesty, over the soil, which gave birth to Annibal, and which was painted by Livy. His friendly attention to my interest, and happiness, hath very powerfully mitigated my unequal fate. He entertains too high an esteem for my merit; he is tender to my faults; and, in *this* instance, he is a complete, and evangelical contrast to those who presume officially to inculcate the benevolent and celestial doctrine of our mild, and merciful Master.

\* This part of the preface alludes to my clerical appointment at Tangier.

C  
I  
A  
I  
I  
T  
I  
S  
I  
A

B

T H E  
P R O L O G U E;

Written by the AUTHOR.

**E**XALTED virtue on our stage appears,  
To-night; and owes more majesty to years;  
May it your plaudits win, if not your tears!

}

Sure all who hear me, have perused the reign  
Of the famed lord of Germany, and Spain.  
But who regrets not a recording page,  
Zealous for Charles, neglectful of the sage?  
Where, of the tyrant a full-length we see;  
And, Ximenes! a miniature of thee!

Tutored by time, and watchful to repress  
A muse, once prone to juvenile excess;  
Ardent to praise, and tender to condemn,  
We leave grave history to it's prudent phlegm;  
Yet say, what poet would not rather sing  
The generous regent, than the gloomy king?

Our venerable hero's life you'll find  
Of strain harmonious with a British mind;  
By genius taught, three hundred years ago,  
To lawless power a persevering foe,  
At length, he broke the despot's Gothick chain,  
And introduced humanity to Spain;  
For *her*, vindictive hosts he oft defied,  
The fierce resentment of Castilian pride;  
For *her*, a tear oft stealing, with a sigh,  
Suffused the language of a speaking eye;  
*Her* cause gave spirit to his latest breath,  
And turned attention from the shaft of death.

Since then to *you*, respectful in his aim,  
By noble means our bard aspires to fame;

Hither

# P R O L O G U E.

Hither no sing-song, trifling object brings,  
 Of you unworthy, and Castalian springs ;  
 Requests your leave to plead a generous cause,  
 The patronage of arts, and equal laws ;  
 Religion, freed from every priestly guile,  
 And beaming, with her own celestial smile ;  
 Since he presents no *common* tragick theme,  
 Enlarged by wild imagination's dream ;  
 But wishes, for awhile, the soul distressed  
 With woes that stung a dying patriot's breast ;  
 Woos you, from tricks to wean your eye, your ear,  
 To feel, to think, to reason, while you hear ;  
 With *his* exertions let *your* zeal conspire ;  
 And with the British, aid the poet's fire ;  
 Assert the taste of a superiour age ;  
 And to old dignity restore the stage.

Then shall our authour boast a new renown,  
 A mitre friendly to his laurel crown ;  
 The church's lights, that still, with distant rays,  
 Like his Arcturus, viewed his cheerless days,  
 Shall see the rigour of *their* frozen reign  
 Contrasted with the splendid warmth of Spain ;  
 Struck with the rare example, they shall own  
 A strong prelatick influence, long unknown,  
 A Christian glory from Toledo's throne !



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

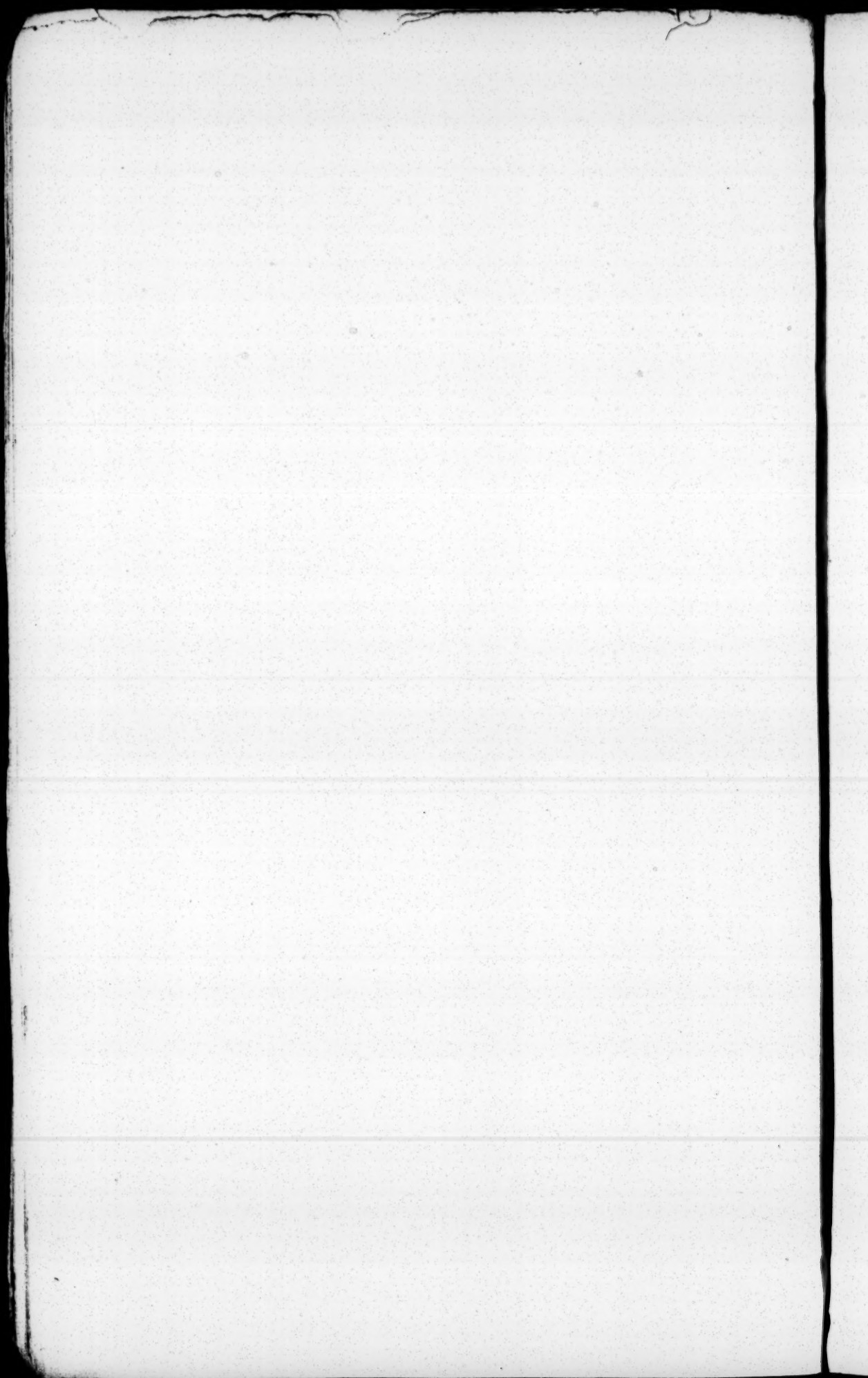
### M E N.

XIMENES, Cardinal, and Regent of Spain.  
ZAIGRI, a Moorish Prince.  
GIRALDO, a Spanish Officer.  
TORQUEMADA, Inquisitor General of Spain.  
AUDLEY, an Englishman, } Men of Letters.  
RANDOLFO, a Florentine, }  
ALVAREZ, a Hermit.  
ALONZO, Secretary to the Regent.  
LOPEZ, a Spanish Gentleman.  
DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA, Father of Leonora.  
DUKE OF ALVA,  
MARQUIS OF AGUILAR, } Grandees of Spain.  
MARQUIS OF ASTORGA, }  
Three Moorish Prisoners.  
GATINARA, a Messenger from the Court of Bruffels.

### W O M E N.

LEONORA, Daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia,  
loved by Zaigri.  
LUCINDA, her Friend.

SCENE;—*In, and near, Granada, in Spain.*



---

---

# X I M E N E S.

---

## A C T I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter LOPEZ, and GIRALDO.*

LOPEZ.

**Y**ES;—though, perhaps, *my* warmth is cooled by  
years,  
Yet I love *thine*, Giraldo : may it kindle,  
Whene'er thy bosom feels thy country's glory !  
Even it's *excess* I love ; that generous flame  
Forms the good citizen ; the gallant soldier.  
What an auspicious æra marks our days !  
For seven long ages did the Moors pollute  
Our Christian soil ; nay, ruled our Christian sons !  
But Heaven crowned all our toils ; our plans ; our trophies ;

B

Our

Our unextinguished valour, faith unshaken,  
 With never-fading laurels, or with palms  
 More sacred, from the moment when the cross  
 Waved on the high Alhambra !

## G I R A L D O.

And who, Lopez,  
 Was evidently sent, as Heaven's vicegerent,  
 To crown our Spanish policy, and arms,  
 With a bright series of success, and triumph,  
 Who, but our glorious regent ?—At the image,  
 Or name of Ximenes, my soul takes fire,  
 Inflamed with civick pride, flushed with the virtue,  
 And honour of Castile !

## L O P E Z.

A juster cause,  
 Giraldo, never can awake thy ardour.  
 In varied scenes, propitious to fair fame,  
 He shines, with equal, and unrivalled lustre ;  
 Whether he seeks, with piety sincere,  
 In the recesses of his chesnut-grove,  
 The pure, exalted pleasures of devotion ;  
 Or whether he revisits Alcala ;  
 And, there, improves the walks of literature ;  
 Gives to the liberal arts his warm protection,  
 Minerva's more serene, sublimer province ;  
 Blending his laurel with the peaceful olive ;—  
 Or, if we view him in the royal palace,  
 The confessor, the counsellor, of kings ;

The



The grateful voices of united Spain,  
With the true patriot's warmth, would bear me witness,  
How nobly he adorns his dignities.

## G I R A L D O.

Genius, like other energies of nature  
Of mighty force, subdues her weaker powers,  
And moulds it's ductile captives to it's will :  
It's keen, and active spirit supercedes  
The *true* advantages of birth, and fortune ;  
It conquers, with it's ardent perseverance,  
The prejudices, the malicious arts  
Of human kind ; and with it's inspiration,  
Diverts, and breaks, the painted bubble, fashion,  
Admired, and followed, by the vulgar throng.  
Our cardinal evinced it's faculties  
Intuitive, it's quick, and charming magick.  
A pious monk, from a secluded cell,  
And from secluded shades, inspired by genius,  
Knew, in a moment, how to rule the world.

## L O P E Z.

And yet his conquest of Oran (a conquest,  
Which Ferdinand, though born, and trained, a hero  
Would never have presumed to meditate)  
To which, planned by himself, he led, in person,  
Gives the most burnished, and resplendent page  
Of his eventful, and bright history.

## G I R A L D O.

The real enterprize was so aspiring,  
So picturesque, that to my mind it brings  
My young, and beauteous dreams of chivalry.  
Heavens ! can I ere forget (thou knowest, I served,  
Too young a volunteer, in that campaign !)  
How my great master in all noble arts,  
Tempered, from unexampled self-controul,  
Giving fair scope to judgment, his high spirit,  
With the calm style adapted to the juncture !  
Blended his claim to absolute command  
With mild expostulation's gentler empire ;  
And thus composed, and moulded to his purpose,  
Two mutinous, and desperate myrmidons,  
Raised by himself to highest warlike honours,  
The ruffian of Navarre, and Vianelli !  
Can I forget the new, and awful sight,  
That struck my boyish fancy, and will warm  
With youthful fire, my frost of hoary age !  
A reverend prelate, with impassive soul,  
Then only more august by seventy years,  
And habited in robes pontifical ;  
Addressing, in the van, our listening army,  
With force of language irresistible,  
And with as powerful majesty of manner !  
His varied speech inflaming, now, the soldier  
With earthly honours ; now, with those rewards  
That mock the waste of time ; that are eternal,  
Inspired the faithful with a holy zeal,  
And love of glorious deeds, unfelt before.

L O P E Z.

# A T R A G E D Y.

5

L O P E Z.

No wonder, that the valour was determined,  
And conquered all before it, which was fired,  
At once, by eloquence, and by religion !

G I R A L D O.

At first, I imaged to myself, our troops  
Led by a legate sent us from the skies.  
And as undisciplined imagination  
Is fertile to create, and to combine  
Quickly successive, and fantastick pictures,  
In fleeting scenes, I to my mind recalled  
What I had read of Rome's illustrious worthies.  
One while, our chieftain was my pious Numa,  
Next, my Camillus ; then, my Cincinnatus.

L O P E Z.

Giraldo, I'm enamoured with thy portrait,  
Faithful, at once, and vivid ; when the virtues,  
And talents (various both) of our great man,  
Are thus collected to one point of view,  
With double energy, they strike the mind.

G I R A L D O.

My hero is as amiable as great ;  
Famed for the practice of humanity.  
When Ximenes, with Pedro of Navarre,  
Entered Oran, subdued ; and desolate,  
Through walls of slaughtered Moors ; the pious victor  
Felt his proud conquest fade ; 'twas, in *his* breast,



Changed into grief, and horror ; tears adorned  
 His venerable face ; with look severe,  
 He to his warriour turned :—" Oh ! why, Navarre,  
 " So prodigal of blood ? The Moors were men,  
 " Our natural brothers ; and, perhaps, ere long,  
 " Had been our brethren in the Christian faith !  
 " All human triumphs have their dark alloy.  
 " Each mortal stab superfluously given  
 " To *them* ; given in wild, military ravage,  
 " Is a heart's wound to *me*."

L O P E Z.

This anecdote,  
 Reflecting brighter fame than any laurel,  
 That e'er encircled a victorious brow,  
 Flows, in soft harmony with all his conduct,  
 In social, civil, and religious life.  
 And would this father of a grateful country,  
 Who, though his soul is generous, and humane,  
 Almost beyond example, can be stern,  
 At the command of justice, and severe,  
 Almost with heavenly awe ; would *he* resolve  
 To quell his charming tenderness of nature,  
 For the state's good, and in religion's cause ;  
 With firmness to atchieve *one* glorious deed ;  
 I'd almost learn indifference to the names  
 Recorded in our holy calendar ;  
 And *he* should be *my* tutelary saint !

G I R A L D O.

What action, Lopez, can thy mind imagine  
 Too great for his performance ?



# A T R A G E D Y.

7

LOPEZ.

You know Zaigri?

GIRALDO.

The famous Moorish prince, the gallant captive,  
Now in Granada, whom fair Leonora,  
The daughter of Medina's duke, esteems  
Too highly; who, at Munda's well-fought battle  
(Munda, where empire has been thrice \* disputed!)  
Sprung from his tent, forgetting malady,  
To save his royal father, old Abdallah,  
Pressed by a host of foes?

LOPEZ.

I mean the same.

GIRALDO.

What conduct dost thou wish, from Ximenes,  
To Zaigri?

LOPEZ.

'Tis my wish, that the good prelate  
Would make a convert of his royal friend;  
Would, for this end, exert a kind compulsion;  
With true regard, would *force* him to be saved.  
To sacrifice our present ease, is virtue.

\* Ad Mundam—castra Punica mota: et Romani eò confestim secuti sunt. Ibi signis collatis pugnatum per quatuor ferme horas; egregièque vincentibus Romanis, signum receptui est datum, quòd Cneii Scipionis femur tragulâ confixum erat; pavorque circa eum ceperat milites, ne mortiferum esset vulnus. Cæterùm haud dubium fuit, quin nisi ea mora intervenisset, castra eo die Punica capi potuerint.

LIVY, B. xxiv. ch. 42.

B 4

What

What various good would Ximenes effect,  
 By feeling, for a while, the pangs of friendship !  
 His conscience ever would approve the deed ;  
 His friend's eternal weal would be secured ;  
 And thousands added to the Christian world !

## G I R A L D O .

How superstition steels a heart humane !  
 And ranks oppressive with angelick deeds !  
 Have you to learn the regent's character ?  
 I know him ; he's a prodigy complete ;  
 A churchman ; yet he's not a hypocrite ;  
 A churchman ; yet he riots not in power ;  
 A churchman ; yet he most delights in mercy.  
 Yes ; when the sun, propitious to our clime,  
 With wintry aspect rules the jocund spring,  
 A Ximenes will persecute a Zaigri.

## L O P E Z .

Surely, all means are worthy of our praise,  
 Which bring mankind within the church's pale.  
 I fear, Giraldo will reject my tenet.  
 And if I was not, now, too long detained,  
 But with great pleasure to myself, I'd hear thee,  
 Well-pleased, even on *this* topick : from Alonzo,  
 Our regent's secretary, I've received  
 A message ; my attendance it requires.  
 Different opinions, on important subjects  
 Are not with friendship incompatible.  
 Farewell, Giraldo.

G I R A L D O .

# A T R A G E D Y.

6

G I R A L D O.

Lopez, fare you well.

[*Exit* LOPEZ.]

G I R A L D O, *alone.*

“ Surely, all means are worthy of our praise,  
 “ Which bring mankind within the church’s pale!”  
 Curse on the doctrine!—Oh! benignant heaven!  
 Is not my execration ratified  
 By those eternal laws that spring from thee;  
 Laws coexistent with the first of beings!  
 If Ximenes could wound a Zaigri’s conscience  
 (I feel it base, to form the supposition!)  
 All my sincere encomium I’d retract;  
 I’d give it to the winds.—He, who torments  
 Our mortal part, formed with acute sensations,  
 Is a fell tyrant: but the wretch who tortures  
 Our frame ethereal; who, with sacrilege  
 Never to be forgiven, presumes to check  
 The free, celestial spirit; who would chain  
 The mind, inspired by reason’s heavenly ray;  
 Endowed with power discursive, or to choose,  
 Or to refuse;—the wretch, who bids the bloom  
 Of conscience wither (conscience, the good man’s em-  
 pire!)  
 —Who racks the soul; is, surely, more a tyrant;  
 More a refiner on barbarity.  
 The culprit lives on earth, supremely hated;  
 And, when he dies, hell’s fiercest fiends receive him.  
 For *him*, there is no hope of purgatory.

His



His soul, whose essence is, the dross of evil,  
No penal fires can ever purify !

[*Exit Giraldo.*

S C E N E II.

ALONZO, *Secretary to XIMENES, sitting at a Table ;  
Ink, Paper, Books, before him.*

ALONZO, *alone.*

Our noble regent's illness, every moment  
Fast brings him to the confines of the grave :  
A loss irreparable I shall grieve,  
Soon as his breath expires ; the gentlest master,  
And the most generous friend ;—but what am I ?  
Spain, and the Indies, when our regent dies,  
Will lose a father !

*A Servant enters.*

Sir, two gentlemen ;  
The one from Florence, from the capital  
Of England comes the other ; and they wish  
A private interview with Ximenes.

ALONZO.

You have their names ?

*Servant.*

Randolfo, Sir, and Audley.

ALONZO.

They've been expected long ; first, show them hither.  
[*The*

# A T R A G E D Y.

11

*[The Servant returns with Audley and Randolfo;  
leaves them, and retires.]*

A L O N Z O *proceeds.*

Most worthy Sirs, you're welcome to Granada;  
Thrice welcome, in the name of Ximenes  
I knew you well before you entered Spain;  
Your high repute in learning; to these realms  
You come, to realize a noble object;  
To cultivate the human mind with arts  
Ingenuous; to co-operate with one,  
Whose heart, and talents, even excell his station.

A U D L E Y.

Your welcome, Sir, is civil; it is courtly;  
now expect a greeting to receive  
From Ximenes himself; at *his* desire,  
Warmly repeated, we have left the land  
Where first we saw the light; and whence, mankind,  
Seldom, but for some great and cogent reason,  
Are voluntary exiles.

A L O N Z O.

Sir, the cause,  
Why, now, our regent is invisible,  
Except to those who smoothe the bed of sickness,  
I'm sorry to announce; a painful illness,  
And obstinate, presses him hard to-day;  
Sinks all his faculties; and will, I fear,  
Ere long, put out Spain's brightest luminary.

R A N-

R A N D O L F O .

The melancholy tidings that you give us  
Of one, whose virtuous fame is spread o'er Europe,  
Are, to the good afflictive ; we shall wait,  
Till Heaven is more propitious to our visit.

A U D L E Y .

Waiting, with servile patience, on the great,  
Perhaps may suit the policy of Florence ;  
But *we*, rough, honest sons of Saxon freedom,  
Never lose fight, or never ought to lose it,  
Of man's original equality.  
Yet, we are not barbarians ; to invade  
The languid hour of sickness ; and to urge  
*It's* pressure, is remote from my intention.  
I know the virtues of Spain's cardinal ;  
But I would have it known, on what foundation  
My mind was fixed, when I took leave of England.  
I left it, with a full, and firm resolve  
To do my duty ; *that*, while I performed,  
I felt that he, who, with man's best ambition,  
Devotes his life to learning, and to virtue,  
Deserves esteem and friendship, even from kings.  
Thus Horace, though, sometimes, to freedom's foes  
He deigned to offer incense, thought, and acted ;  
And thus, Augustus, though he shackled Rome.

A L O N Z O .

Pursue that strain, till we forbid it, here.

A U D L E Y .



## AUDLEY.

Then, doubtless, I proceed with greater pleasure.  
The mind, enriched with intellectual stores,  
And in that wealth delighting, will assert  
The rights of liberty and independence,  
Whether it dwells in Britain, or Iberia.  
Few are *it's* wants; the subjugated senses  
Dare not insult it with *their* low desires:  
And why doth he pursue, why idolize  
Sublime examples, but into his soul  
To work *their* greatness; and from *them* to learn,  
With equal spirit, ever to distinguish  
The bold decisions of our pride, and caprice,  
From Heaven's eternal, and it's just decrees?

## ALONZO.

Thy speech, ingenuous Englishman, transcribes  
The very heart, and soul of Ximenes.  
Why, he has, now, for fifty glorious years,  
Been toiling, watching, risking every danger,  
In all the sacred rights of human nature;  
In the great charter issued from Heaven's court,  
To equalize our subjects.—Would you walk  
Some minutes on the terrace; from that door  
It lies; I long to bring congenial spirits  
Together; you shall soon from me receive  
A message. [Exit Alonzo.]

## RANDOLFO.

For your own advantage trust me;

By

By flexibility alone, good Audley,  
 We can expect (though strong our other titles)  
 Ease with the world, and favours from the great.

## A U D L E Y.

A conscious, rational, immortal being ;  
 A being, who should owe his satisfaction,  
 His raptures of existence, to his God,  
 And to himself alone, had better want  
 That flexibility, however specious  
 The fruits it brings, than in his bosom bear  
 The mortifying sense, that he has acted,  
 Even for an hour, the hypocrite, and slave.  
 [*Exeunt Audley and Randolph.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter LEONORA and LUCINDA.*

## L U C I N D A.

No, Leonora; on thy wounded mind  
 I never shall, in vain, obtrude the dictates  
 Of cold, abstracted reason ; that stale nostrum,  
 That panacea with philosophers,  
 Who, in the mass, and pomp confused of study,  
 Perversely, never read the page prescribed,  
 The page of most importance, human nature.  
 Too well I know the power of love to thwart it.  
 'Tis, in the tenour of its general action,  
 Soft, and persuasive ; 'tis, to all appearance,  
 Humane, submissive, and a foe to tumult ;

It is a gentle, pleasing melancholy.  
 But rouse it by some rude external cause,  
 That oft inopportunately supervenes,  
 To chafe its placid, and translucent current;  
 Then, in its rage, it tears, it drives the soul;  
 It is resistless as the whirlwind's force.  
 Rather I would advise thee, in thy breast,  
 Fair virtue's sacred mansion, to preserve  
 Inviolable the pure, empyreal flame;  
 With all its fears; with those anxieties  
 Which love is doomed to suffer, lest its raptures  
 Give to an earthly pilgrim too much bliss:  
 Rather I would advise thee to survey  
 The future blooming scenes that are displayed  
 By Hope's auspicious hand; and oft we find  
 The promises of Hope performed by time.

## L E O N O R A.

How my Lucinda's pleasing accents soothe me!  
 In unison they flow with *my* fond wishes;  
 They flow in unison with Zaigri's voice!  
 Thy doctrine is his own; and, sure, it pours  
 Sweet adulation in the ear of Love.  
 Oft he has told me—"Gentle Leonora,  
 "Calm be thy bosom; for its perturbations  
 "Must ever torture mine: our mutual passion  
 " (Whatever to oppose me, might be urged,  
 "In haughty tone, by prelates, or by muftis)  
 "Hath innocence, and virtue for its basis;  
 "And while we keep it fixed on this foundation,

" Its



" Its guardian is the universal God,  
 " Who, to effect his will, annihilates  
 " The prejudices, and the power of man.  
 " In him, and time confide ; his providence,  
 " Oft *slowly*, as his wisdom planned its progress,  
 " But ever, *surely*, is matured by time."

LUCINDA.

Then let thy friend's and lover's kind remonstrance  
 Compose thy harrassed mind, and to thy fancy  
 (Thy fancy not erroneous) break the bars,  
 Only by fear strengthened to adamant,  
 The awful, but the temporary bars  
 'Twixt happiness, and thee !

LEONORA.

Trust me, Lucinda,  
 Thy counsel I respect ; revere my duty  
 Of resignation to the will of Heaven.  
 Yet I'm a being of the human species,  
 And for those objects which attach my soul,  
 Must have my doubts, fears, and anxieties.  
 What formidable foes annoy my rest !  
 Revenge, ambition, and fell institution,  
 Still more a tyrant than the other two,  
 O'er nature's peaceful, and innoxious laws ;  
 Her laws benevolent ; sources divine  
 Of all true, permanent felicity !  
 These cruel foes by day corrode my quiet,  
 A sickly hue diffusing o'er my life ;  
 And oft, by night, invade me in a dream ;

Some

Some motley chaos of disordered fancy.  
Of late, in feverish, interrupted slumbers,  
Incongruous, and contrasted scenes I imaged :—  
Our Andalusia ravaged by the Moors ;  
And yon Alhambra in its former splendour,  
And I delighted in the revolution ;  
For Zaigri, as I thought, o'er fair Granada  
The sceptre swayed, with me, a turbaned queen !  
But this fine spell was, in a moment broken.  
From that rich plain, to an Arabian desert,  
Methought, we were transported ; mixed with merchants  
And pilgrims, in a helpless caravan,  
Dying with thirst, and hunger ; soon a vortex  
Of burning sand arose ; which, whirled with fury,  
Wrapped us in death, and ended all our woes !

## L U C I N D A.

The dreadful phantoms, which, in dreams, alarm us,  
Should not disturb the waking, reasoning mind.  
Come, Leonora, let thy friend console thee :—  
Hast thou a friend, by her experienced woes,  
More privileged than *I*, to recommend  
A mind that can, by moral discipline,  
Exalt itself above solicitude ?  
Thou knowest, that, in Alphonso's virtuous love,  
I was supremely blest ; my youthful soldier  
Was wounded, and expired, before Oran.  
But ere he died, he wrote me an adieu,  
Concise, indeed, in words, but in its pathos,  
A most affecting funeral oration.

C

“ I go,

" I go, Lucinda, to prepare a bower,  
 " In the blest region, for two faithful lovers ;  
 " A bower of myrtle, and celestial palms !  
 " I fear, thy image, almost equally,  
 " Divided, with my God, my parting soul." !  
 While the farewell I read, a torpor seized me ;  
 A stupefaction, from the sudden blow.  
 Then, tears of love embalmed the hallowed paper :  
 Next, I looked up to Heaven's omniscient eye ;  
 To Providence, my father, and my judge ;  
 Whose presence awed me to restrain my tears ;  
 Left I had given Alphonso's memory,  
 In grief's excess, too querulous a tribute.

LEONORA.

So strongly doth Lucinda paint her fortune,  
 That while I hear it, I forget my own.

LUCINDA.

Then, with the sacred sympathy of friendship,  
 Let us resolve to blend our softened sorrows ;  
 Softened by reason, and by resignation.  
 Let us retire to thy delightful arbour,  
 Which overlooks Granada's fertile plain,  
 That glows with all the brightest tints of nature,  
 And all her fragrance breathes. There, the lute's note  
 Shall undulate on Zephyr's balmy wing :  
 The sun descending ; the pure sky of Spain ;  
 Trees, fruits, and flowers ; the varied sweets of nature,  
 With musick shall unite congenial powers.

These



# A T R A G E D Y.

19

These objects tune the soul ; with gentle raptures,  
They purify it from the servitude  
To care, and passion ; elevate our wishes  
Above the province of capricious fortune ;  
Transport us to a mount, whose glorious summit  
Virtue hath crowned with never-fading bloom !

## S C E N E IV.

*Enters TORQUEMADA, the Inquisitor General, alone.*

The Christian pale is, every hour, enlarged ;  
And, every hour, are hereticks diminished.  
Six thousand Korans, the licentious warrants  
Of lawless love, and desolating conquest,  
Are, by my order, as the church's sentence,  
Now burning in Granada's royal square.  
Since I enjoyed my high, tremendous office,  
Not a few stubborn Jews, and impious Moors  
Have in the flames expired : but, to reflect,  
How infinite of profelytes the number,  
Gained to our faith by charitable force,  
Redeems the rigour of our inquisition ;  
Nay, proves it a criterion of salvation,  
Appointed under Heaven's own auspices.  
True ; these benevolent severities  
Alarm, and wound the sentiments of nature,  
That feminine opposer of the saint ;  
But, sure, the kindness of religion bids us  
Torture the body, to ensure the soul.

C 2

And

And what is genuine practical religion ?

'Tis, with stern discipline, to quell the tumults  
Of our importunate, rebellious feelings.

'Tis, from whatever pleasures most delight us,  
Most firmly to abstain ;—'tis, for the good  
Of our immortal spirits, to inflict,

Deaf to mean pity, on ourselves, and others,  
Spontaneous, and involuntary pains :

It is, to wage perpetual war with nature ;

To draw, with priestly power, with heavenly magick,  
Down, on the meretricious bloom of fancy,  
A deep, a fable, yet celestial cloud ;

In which, as in the prophet's car of vapour,

We shall ascend the skies !—A thought, now, strikes me ;

And it shall have effect :—it will contract

Satan's dire influence, and enlarge the kingdom  
Celestial.—Not a contumacious power

On earth, shall check my firm, and great resolve ;

No, not the menace of our mighty regent,

Urged with imperial majesty of sway ;—

A politician singularly great ;

But a most tame, and despicable prelate.

*Enters G I R A L D O.*

G I R A L D O.

What dost thou meditate, mild Torquemada !

Perhaps, with Christian meekness, to *compell*

Some unbeliever to accept salvation ?

Not, with a fruitless, though fraternal patience,

Which our Messiah ne'er exemplified,

To

To wait the slow, but radical effects,  
Of cogent argument, of soft persuasion;  
But with a quick, and more decisive process,  
To plant the horrid stake; to pile the faggots;  
To light the fire, and burn him into heaven?

## T O R Q U E M A D A.

In language less irreverent, less familiar,  
One of the most abandoned laity  
Might have accosted *me*, by Providence,  
And thy superiours, in this earthly kingdom,  
The guardian constituted, the chief patron  
Of Christian truth.

## G I R A L D O.

Were not the theme too grave,  
I should return thy arrogance with laughter.—  
But deign from *me*, thou leader of the faithful,  
To hear some serious, and important truth.  
A Moor, though hated, though despised, by thee,  
Who worships, as his father, and his judge,  
The Power Supreme; who, just in all his conduct,  
Extends his equity, his deeds benign,  
Even to humanity's remotest verge;  
This man, I tell thee, is, in fact, a Christian;  
And thou art Antichrist!

## T O R Q U E M A D A.

Protect me, Heaven!  
What dreadful blasphemy assails my ear!



An advocate for infidels, for Moors !  
 Does not earth shake, and open, to devour us ?  
 I quit the dangerous, the polluted spot !  
[Exit Torquemada.]

G I R A L D O, *alone.*

A murrain seize your herd ! You call yourselves  
 The servants of the heavenly Prince of Peace ;  
 And half the miseries that afflict mankind,  
 Originate from you !—Father of mercies !  
 Thy pure, celestial precepts, did they flow  
 Through human life, through action, would diffuse  
 Comfort, and happiness, around the world !  
 Thy true religion, all, beneficence,  
 The soul illumines with perpetual sunshine ;  
 Gives, to her persevering votaries,  
 The unaffected smile, the vivid hope,  
 Even 'midst the strong antipathies of nature ;  
 Even on the borders of the dreary grave.  
 But this religion, hideously transformed  
 By priests, embitters, poisons all the welfare  
 Of individuals, and of commonwealths :  
 It might, without hyperbole, be termed  
 An extirpation of humanity !

[Exit Giraldo.]

*End of the First Act.*

## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

*On one Side of the Stage enters ZAIGRI, with three Moorish Prisoners in Chains; to them, on the other Side of the Stage, advances XIMENES.*

XIMENES.

**T**O Ximenes when Zaigri's name's announced,  
 A bright assemblage of the fairest virtues  
 Inspires my fancy; I forget the pressure  
 Of age, and sickness, and, awhile, seem strung  
 With all the vigour of my youthful days.  
 What is thy present wish, that I can serve?  
 Too much thou never canst desire of *me*;  
 For to thy friendship; to it's active zeal,  
 I owe my life.—But say; who are these captives?

ZAIGRI.

The leaders of the late alarming tumult,  
 Whose fury aimed it's action at thy life.  
 To thee I bring them; and not more, from zeal  
 For Ximenes, than from my ardent love  
 Of universal justice. These bold culprits  
 Have impiously profaned a solemn treaty;  
 Profaned the hallowed olive-shade of peace;

C 4

And

And against thy existence have directed  
 Their blind revenge. To show that thou art worthy  
 Of different treatment, I'll not, meanly, now,  
 Recite thy conduct with elaborate praise ;  
 For well I know that we alike despise  
 Whatever can be construed adulation.  
 But, from a single fact, mistaken men,  
 Unless you're dead to every generous virtue,  
 It must be evident that you're the foes  
 Of one, whose merits if you rightly knew,  
 You would not wish his life abridged, but lengthened,  
 With numerous years, beyond our mortal span.  
 When from your rage I undertook to rescue  
 This great, undaunted patriot, and to lodge him  
 Safely within the walls of our Alhambra,  
 He perseveringly refused my offer ;  
 And with his friends he vowed that he would die.  
 Then, let the punishment by Ximenes  
 Himself be named, of lawless criminals,  
 Who were impatient to deprive the world  
 Of it's first virtues.

## X I M E N E S .

Thy regard for *me*,  
 Most generous Zaigri, hath too strongly imaged  
*Their* guilt, and *my* desert : the pungent feelings,  
 The vigorous action of resistless nature,  
 Will still predominate ; no policy ;  
 No power can quell them. These unhappy Moors  
 May plead great provocation to their outrage.  
 Our measures have been fatal to your kingdom :  
 We've



We've burned the Koran of these men, by thousands :  
I like them better for their violence,  
Than if they tamely had endured their masters.  
Loose them, and let them go ;—strike off their fetters.  
Heaven is my witness ; though I'm deemed severe,  
And supercilious ; would the weal of Spain  
Proceed, without the awe of rigid justice,  
Without that awe, would wickedness reform,  
I would not make a captive in these realms,  
Except a grateful, honourable train,  
Bound only by the golden chain of mercy.

## Z A I G R I.

What say my prisoners ? your conqueror,  
You find, is far humaner than your prince.

*1st Captive.*

I, from the present workings of my soul,  
Oh ! Zaigri, for myself, can fully answer.  
And if o'erflowing sentiment, in others,  
Resembles mine, I, too, for *them*, can answer.  
The susceptible mind, alive to wrongs,  
Is equally alive to benefits.  
I am the proselyte of Ximenes,  
In admiration ; let me add, in friendship !  
Thou, the most eloquent of advocates,  
That ever urged the faith of thy Messiah,  
Almost persuadest me to be a Christian.

*2d Cap-*

*2d Captive, to the First.*

*My heart, my friend, repeats the strains of thine !*

*3d Captive.*

Mine vibrates in strict unison to both.  
When the fine passions, by some great occasion  
Excited, act with all their energy,  
They mock the weaker power of florid speeches.

X I M E N E S.

Sure, this example of my equity  
Hath most judiciously been shown. Good Zaigri,  
When thou hast freed from chains these souls of fire,  
Who never will, again, abuse their freedom,  
Hither return; something I would impart,  
That claims attention from your private ear.  
Adieu, my honest Moors; if you should hold,  
At any time, important intercourse  
With sects, from which *your* tenets are abhorrent;  
Remember, still, 'tis in the breast of man,  
In *any* faith, to be magnanimous.

*1st Captive.*

Farewell, thou noble governour of Spain !  
If thy ambition prompts thee to convert  
The generous Moorish race, this is the way.  
White-robed benevolence, whose smile is love,  
That sky-descended cherub, ever melts  
To purer faith than inquisitions burn.

[*Exeunt, ZAIGRI, and the Captives.*]

SCENE

## SCENE II.

XIMENES, *alone.*

Some office to discharge for a great empire,  
How sweetly does the task glide through the conscience,  
When policy, and lenity conspire!  
This happy union of the wise, and good,  
But seldom meets the anxious minister!  
Yet this fair union, in another object,  
Engages, now, my mind, with warmer interest.  
That object should I, happily, obtain,  
'Twould gild the evening of my various day;  
And my last scene would be, the placid hours,  
Given by a vernal, and descending sun.  
But Zaigri (Heaven accept my wish!) returns.

## SCENE III.

*Re-enters, ZAIGRI.*

ZAIGRI.

You hear the acclaim of gratitude, and joy.  
'Tis hard to say, whether my countrymen  
Expressed more rapturous triumph, for the lives  
Continued to their friends; or for the soul  
Angelick, that so easily could pardon.  
Oh! Ximenes, the voice of honest praise,  
Though by the mind severe deemed empty air,  
Even in *this* world, rewards, almost, completely,  
All our unwearied toils for publick good,  
And all the great achievements of the hero!

XIMENES



## X I M E N E S .

Doubtless, that praise is balm, which kindly sooths  
 The pains that ne'er are separate from greatness.  
 Young, modest, blushing merit, feels it's power ;  
 And merit long inured to eulogy.  
 'Tis pleasing, but not satisfactory.  
 'Tis in *thy* power, at this momentous crisis,  
 To give me true, substantial, lasting pleasure.

## Z A I G R I .

Name but the means, and I will fly, to use them.

## X I M E N E S .

Embrace the Christian faith ;—be not alarmed ;  
 The best effects will follow thy conversion ;  
 Which to obtain, 'tis my ingenuous wish,  
 To win thy heart, and to convince thy reason.  
 While, then, on topicks of eternal moment,  
 I honestly advance, with patience hear me.

## Z A I G R I .

With patience ! rather, with attention ardent,  
 I'll hear thy friendly, thy paternal strain :  
 And that thou may'st pervade my inmost soul,  
 The present subject of thy holy work,  
 I will unfold to thee, my thoughts, my habits,  
 Without the least reserve, or subterfuge.  
 Thy novice is not stubborn ; he admits  
 One of the *sacraments* in Rome's religion :  
 Why should I scruple to *confess* to thee !

## X I M E N E S .

## X I M E N E S.

Already Zaigri is a Christian Moor !  
With pleasure I'll attend to thy recital :  
'Twill give a fair foundation, a fair scope,  
For the great outlines of our beauteous fabrick.

## Z A I G R I.

I have been taught to venerate our code :  
But since, with years, my sentiment, and reason,  
Grew to maturity, I own, that code  
Excited in my breast, repugnant doubts.  
'Yet have I not despaired ; nor have I feared :  
For there's a simpler law that keeps me easy ;  
And while it's rules distinct my life obeys,  
I look to Heaven, with trust, and lively hope.  
Impelled by nature, and informed by reason,  
I felt, and knew, what habit hath confirmed.  
I scorn to be unjust ; to fly, in battle ;  
To let my senses lord it o'er my mind :  
I'm, to the proud, unbending ; with the humble,  
I still descend to their humility.  
I keenly suffer for another's woe ;  
If I have power, it hath my best relief ;  
If I have none, I shed a tear that soothes it.  
This is the sum of my religious practice ;  
And in a life of pains, and revolutions,  
It hath done wonders for me ; poured a balm  
Into it's warriour's wounds ; through a long march,  
Oppressive heat, tormenting thirst, abated ;  
And, Ximenes, when, of my father's kingdom  
I hardly

I hardly was deprived, even *then* it cheared me ;  
 And told me, that I had a kingdom left,  
 The power, and art, over myself to reign,  
 Of price far greater than all other empires !

## X I M E N E S .

Ambition to accomplish noble objects  
 Hath ever fired my life ; that same ambition  
 Protracts, inspirits, yet, my vital flame.  
 Then grant me, for my last, and brightest glory,  
 To earn a signal palm, in my profession ;  
 To make a convert of a soul like thine !  
 A convert ! rather, an accomplished Christian !  
 For our religion new enforcement gains,  
 New demonstration, from a Zaigri's manners.  
 They show, that human nature, formed by virtue,  
 Glides, of it's own accord, into the system ;  
 That by *her* precepts, formed *however* nobly,  
 From that superiour system it acquires  
 Enlargement, spirit, blooming hope, too vivid,  
 To suffer gloomy doubts, alarming fears.—

Thy ruthless prophet taught thee to bestride  
 The warlike steed ; proudly to march to conquest ;  
 To plunge the sword into each honest breast  
 That scorned obedience to a sensual despot ;  
 That scorned the prostitution of the soul.  
 He taught thee to assassinate mankind ;  
 To desolate the world, and to enjoy  
 The woes, the shrieks, of widows, and of orphans !

Z A I G R I .



# A T R A G E D Y.

31

Z A I G R I.

Oh ! Mahomet, thou hast deceived thy followers !  
Thou broughtest no commission from the skies !

X I M E N E S.

We boast a different leader ; all his progress  
Diffused beneficence to human kind ;  
Even to his rancorous foes, large acts of mercy.  
His laws are consentaneous with his life ;  
They bid us quell all selfish, baleful passions ;  
Destructive to their slave, and to the world.  
They bid us, not as Mahomet allures  
His weak disciples, basely overwhelm  
Our spark of heavenly flame with sensual pleasure ;  
But, in right order, as endowed with reason,  
To subjugate the body to the mind.  
Hence, the true Christian, lord of appetite,  
The vanquisher of low, but fierce resentments,  
Which in a painful fever keep the soul ;  
Free from impediments, pursues, with ardour,  
All that adorns, and meliorates the man ;  
That polishes our life, or soothes it's ills.  
Whene'er compassion, with her glistening eye,  
Points to the squalid cottage of affliction,  
Jews, Moors, and Infidels, are, all, his brethren.  
Could he, in some remote, and barbarous land,  
By powerful gold, or salutary arts,  
Make pale distress give way to blooming joy,  
He'd traverse wilds, or swelling seas, to court

The god-like office ; his expanded heart,  
In every climate, feels itself at home.—  
If I'm prolix, excuse the fault of age.

## Z A I G R I.

Oh! I could listen, through a summer's day,  
To thy discourse ; and while my soul it seizes,  
The prejudices, all, relax, and die,  
Which education formed, and habit strengthened.  
I have no enemies, or I forgive them :  
My love of man dilates ; 'tis universal ;  
It spreads, in warm diffusion, o'er the globe.

## X I M E N E S.

The Christian, in creation's dread arrangement,  
Thus holds his proper sphere ; maintains his course,  
With equable, with independent motion ;  
Not from his orbit drawn, by wrong attractions ;  
But steady, and concentric with his God.  
If, next, we launch beyond the bounds of time,  
Anticipating our eternal state,  
How does *your* mean elysium pall, and fade,  
Contrasted with *our* Christian paradise !  
Need I insist, to Zaigri, that the joys  
Of sense, are not man's chief, and final good ;  
The best reward bestowed by Heaven, on virtue ?  
Need I to lose my time ? should I *insult* thee ?  
No :—in the deathless regions, we shall see,  
And know the Deity ; we shall converse.  
With worthy men made perfect ; intermix,

Improve

Improve our knowledge, and felicity.  
 When every generation hath elapsed,  
 This palsied hand, strung with perpetual manhood,  
 And smit with musick, shall express my rapture  
 While heaven resounds with choral harmony.  
 From age, to age, for ever, we shall range  
 Through infinite creation; we shall pass,  
 From system, on, to system; view their laws,  
 With ease; with ease, discover all their beauty;  
 And kindling, thus, to transport, we shall grow,  
 From the pure pleasures of the faint, and sage,  
 Enthusiasts, ruled by reason's god-like sway.

## Z A I G R I.

Oh! by thy eloquence, I'm led, in fancy,  
 To mansions worthy of seraphick spirits!  
 I almost blush that I revered the Koran!

## X I M E N E S.

Even now, with glowing tints I paint the hours,  
 Crowned with heaven's amaranth, when thou, and I,  
 Immortal friends, together, shall explore  
 (With pious exultation) wisdom, beauty,  
 Perfection, bliss;—then, haply, from some orb,  
 Where better suns exalt the purple year,  
 Where God's own likeness, moral intellect,  
 Works finer imagery, sublimer thought,  
 We shall look down on Mecca, and Medina  
 (Vast space pervading with an angel's ken)  
 And while we recollect their wars, their err ours,

D

Give



Give them a smile benign of calm compassion ;  
 For, there, all tears, for ever, from all eyes,  
 Are wiped away.—Believest thou this faith ?  
 I know that thou believest.

## Z A I G R I .

## Ximenes

Strongly hath spoken to my best affections,  
 Best sentiments ; and strongly to my reason.  
 Give me some time to think. I need not tell thee,  
 That when an honest man resolves to change  
 His faith, his mind prepares to take a passage  
 Of awful moment. I'll reflect maturely  
 On all the noble pictures thou hast shown me ;  
 And every argument shall have it's weight.  
 Whatever lively hopes, portentous fears,  
 Which owe their birth to perishable objects,  
 May move my ductile fancy, I'll prefer  
 Important, and eternal truth to all things,

## X I M E N E S .

I know thy conscience well ; hence, I've not men-  
 tioned

The great advantage to the realms of Spain  
 That certainly would flow from thy conversion.  
 Thousands of Moors would follow thy example.  
 Nor have I urged the fortune of thy love ;—  
 That this conversion, to thy tender wishes  
 Would surely win the beauteous Leonora.  
 Zaigri, solicitous for sacred honour,

Afide

Aside will never turn, to estimate  
 Collateral, specious, but inferiour objects.  
 I must repose awhile; pleased, that my life,  
 Even to it's last remainder, is exerted,  
 To urge the merits of a generous cause.  
 Zaigri, farewell! may salutary truth  
 Direct thee, and the great celestial Source,  
 From whom that glorious emanation flows!

## Z A I G R I.

Thou know'st my honesty, my resolution.  
 Farewell, my friend, my father, and my guide!  
 [Exit Ximenes.

## S C E N E IV.

Z A I G R I, *alone.*

Thou light of Spain!—of a degenerate world!  
 —The great objection to my acquiescence  
 In what the cardinal so warmly wishes,  
 Is, that it might be thought, I changed my faith,  
 From views unworthy of me; to propitiate  
 My love; or by a signal obligation,  
 For ever to secure the regent's favour.  
 For when I exercised impartial reason,  
 I own, oh! Mahomet, from thy religion,  
 That I've been, often, half a renegado!  
 Thy fragrant, gay, luxuriant paradise;  
 With all it's glowing charms, it's poignant joys,  
 To thought unprejudiced, but ill repays

D 2

Good,

Good, reasoning, suffering, and immortal minds.  
 To souls, whose current flows on great pursuits,  
 Even while they're vested with terrestrial bodies,  
 Their view of *thy* anticipated pleasures ;  
 The goblet crowned with roses ; nay, the fair-one,  
 With youth perpetual, with divine attractions,  
 Meets the fastidious senses. Other objects  
 Delight *these* souls ; and surely must await them,  
 In future life ;—a fine, resplendent chain  
 Of pure ideas, beauteous images,  
 Dependent from high Heaven, to humble earth ;  
 Raising the raptured soul, connecting man,  
 Mortal, but yet eternal, with his God !

## SCENE V.

\* ALONZO, and AUDLEY.

ALONZO.

Ingenuous Briton ! did I not assure thee,  
 That, of all statesmen, *he* was best prepared,  
 Alike by nature, and his habitudes,  
 To render parts, and learning, all their honours ?

AUDLEY.

I was delighted with our interview !  
 He's not indebted to his splendid fame !  
 Oh ! Ximenes ! already I admire thee !

\* I inserted this scene, because, without it, I thought that Zaigri  
 would have been too long, at one time, on the stage.

His



His converse proved him an accomplished sage;  
 Graced with politeness;—with respect, and ease.  
 His manner grand, yet free from arrogance,  
 Is like the style of the great Roman consul;  
 Tyros, by elegant simplicity  
 Deceived, imagine they can write such language;  
 Yet who can rival it's magnificence?

A L O N Z O.

Believe me, I enjoy your satisfaction;  
 I hope, your mind, extremely delicate,  
 And conscious of the dignity of man,  
 Will never feel regret, that you have changed  
 Your English native soil for Spanish ground.

A U D L E Y.

I should apologize to Ximenes;  
 To *you*, Sir, for my misapplied suspicion,  
 And roughness, when I first accosted you.  
 But I, unfortunately, have a mind  
 Susceptible, and I've conflicted, long,  
 With beings of our species, who had none;  
 With envy, malice, insolence in power.  
 Then, you'll excuse the spring of sentiment,  
 Acting with gentle elasticity,  
 If rightly treated; but, with violence,  
 Rebouncing from hard pressure.

A L O N Z O.

Why excuse it,  
 When no excuse it needs? You've acted nobly,

D 3

As

As Heaven ordained your action! In *our* groves,  
 Breathing the sweets of Araby the blest,  
 Atonement will be made you for the storms  
 You hitherto have suffered. Ximenes  
 Enlightens us with knowledge, and presents  
 Himself, to all our eyes, a glorious model  
 Of true philanthropy.

A U D L E Y.

And one great man  
 Will more improve a state, than a long series  
 Of politicians, born with common minds.

A L O N Z O.

This truth our governour exemplifies :  
 You mentioned your hard fortune. Pray, what boots it,  
 That the renowned inhabitants of England,  
 With liberal arts are more refined than we,  
 Unless the warmer virtues of the heart,  
 Still, to the cultivation of the mind,  
 Run parallel, along ?—I've read man's nature ;  
 I doubt not but, sometimes, your haughty peers,  
 Perhaps, more frequently, your haughtier prelates,  
 The gross misrepresentatives of *him*,  
 Whose humble soul could hardly frown on vice,  
 Wage, with fine talents, a perpetual war ;  
 Exact, with rigour, from their hapless owner,  
 The cold, and even march of prosperous dullness ;  
 Watch, to oppress him with their awkward power ;  
 Dare to revenge, on *him*, the Almighty's will,

For

For sickening *their* dark souls with it's own brightness;  
And, thus, on earth, rebell against the skies.

A U D L E Y.

I see, you're conversant with human kind;  
Hence, how their passions operate in England,  
You know as well as if you had resided,  
For many years, in our famed capital.

A L O N Z O.

By observation, we may clearly trace  
Our selfish nature, through it's varied mazes;  
Foretell it's conduct, even in situations,  
Fertile of new, and complicated trial.  
Minds of blunt intellect, by fortune's caprice,  
Held up to publick view, must ever hate  
Superiour spirit, and superiour knowledge.—  
—But come with *me*;—*we'll* treat you properly;  
*I*, with a kind respect;—'tis *my* ambition,  
To imitate the cardinal of Spain!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter* Z A I G R I, *and* L E O N O R A.

Z A I G R I.

Nay, Leonora; much I sympathize  
With all thy tender, feminine alarms.  
But thou, whose mental powers are far exalted  
Above the common order of thy sex,  
Should'st bid them arm thy soul with resolution,



To meet the rude encounters of misfortune.  
 I'm not insensible to all the dangers  
 Impending o'er our love ; but I subdue  
 Their terrours with internal discipline.  
 For though I can be firm, I am not torpid ;  
 I should not merit half of the eulogy  
 Which hath been given me by too generous fame ;  
 Had I not fortitude to keep my mind  
 In proper tone for it's important duties ;  
 But, above all, to cheer thy languid heart ;  
 To animate the drooping soul of thee,  
 To whom the warrior owes his brightest glory ;  
 Who hast repayed his toils with virtuous love ;  
 Whose delicate, and noble mind, commanding  
 Alliance with the first grandee of Spain,  
 Spurning those prejudices that enchain  
 The timid, vulgar soul ; spurning those dangers  
 That might appall undaunted resolution,  
 Hath given it's preference to a captive Moor.  
 But though I can exclude the persecution  
 Of thoughts tormenting ; if I could not feel,  
 And exquisitely, too, my stupid nature  
 Would not deserve the love of Leonora.

LEONORA.

Then thou wilt sympathize more tenderly  
 With those anxieties, with those alarms,  
 Those agonies, that harrafs my existence.  
 My waking hours are passed in fears, and sorrows ;  
 My sleep, till now, congenial with my life,

Downy,

Downy, and calm, the merited repose  
 Of innocence, and virtue, is assailed,  
 And wrought to tumult, and distress, with dreams,  
 Of horrid omen. O'er our narrow sea,  
 Methought, last night, that I was borne with Zaigri,  
 Eluding the pursuit of Spanish foes.  
 At night we reached your Africk : in a mosque,  
 Magnificent as day with crescent lustres,  
 Our nuptial vows were plighted : as we left  
 The mosque, and near its door, the duke my father,  
 Met us, attended by Castilian friends :—  
 In his right hand, a dagger—which he plunged  
 Into my breast, with these emphatick words :—  
 “ A Spaniard ought to have the Roman in him :—  
 “ My daughter shall not long survive her shame ;  
 “ I sacrifice her life to her past honour.”  
 Oh ! kind interpreter ! read me this vision !  
 I see it yet ; I see my father's poniard !  
 On whom can my distress recline, but Zaigri ;  
 Thou authour, thou reliever of my woes !

## Z A I G R I.

Thy agony my soul convulses !—hear me !  
 And, if thou canst, with some composure. Thoughts  
 Alarming in the day, when we should rest,  
 Raise spectres, unconnected with all fact.  
 To thy chimæra I'll oppose a truth ;  
 And give it it's desert, thy fixed attention.  
 Sure, at this crisis, by indulgent Heaven,  
 'Twas sent us, for our mutual consolation,

And

And permanence in virtue. But three nights  
 Ago, I walked along the Oro's banks,  
 To give my mind its free, reflecting range.  
 The stream was chrystalline ; the sky was azure ;  
 The grove refrained from motion :—awful silence  
 Was jealous of his reign ; for not a breath  
 Of aromattick air presumed to whisper.  
 The moon, decked in her most refulgent silver,  
 Shot her soft lustre through the verdant foliage,  
 And raised the soul to intercourse celestial.  
 I felt myself prepared for higher converse  
 Than *our* poor earth affords.—Sudden, before me  
 Stood old Abdallah's venerable form,  
 My sage, and valiant father.—To a statue  
 Amazement petrified me :—from his aspect  
 A smile paternal beamed :—these words he spoke,  
 With all the dignity that graced his life.  
 “ My son, though trained to ills, should some hard trial  
 “ Oppose thy virtue still ; let the same spirit  
 “ Receive it, which at Munda's well-fought battle,  
 “ Superiour rose to sickness, and an army,  
 “ When Zaigri interposed his conquering sword,  
 “ To save his father.—Keep thy resolution,  
 “ Ne'er to desert thy persecuted virtue ;  
 “ The sequel leave to Heaven ; commit thy cause  
 “ To perfect wisdom, and benevolence.”  
 His admonition ended, he retired,  
 With active pace, into the thickest wood :  
 I followed, and I sought him ; but in vain.

LEONORA.



LEONORA.

The sacred scene speaks hope to Leonora.

ZAIGRI.

And so it spoke to *me*.——At first, a flood  
Of filial tears I offered to thy shade,  
Renowned Abdallah!——Salutary tears,  
That left behind them, purest peace of mind;  
A virtuous joy; a gentle ecstasy:—  
Communication with a better world.

LEONORA.

Yes, I revive, reform; the wayward Christian  
Learns true religion from her infidel.  
I will endeavour, as I ought, like thee,  
Securely to confide in Providence.  
I will adopt thy spirit; it will bear me  
Through the worst evils that can yet befall  
The dubious fortune of our constant love.

ZAIGRI.

A due exertion of my fair-one's mind,  
Good, and exalted, always will prepare thee  
For the most rigorous lot of human life.  
And why should virtue tremble at it's frowns,  
It's changes, and it's chances? Few *our* wants!  
I trust, though spoiled of realms, of courtly favour,  
The orient sun will cheer my morning hours;  
And to my vespers Philomel will pour  
Her sweet, according, and inspiring note.

Earth will refresh me with her fruits ; her flowers  
 Will greet my senses ; her pellucid streams  
 Will quench my thirst ; her hospitable bowers  
 Will shade me ; while yon vast, and azure concave  
 Spreads forth, for man, the canopy of heaven.  
 Grant me these objects, with my Leonora,  
 And this immortal spirit rectified ;  
 From these true gifts of God, these genuine blessings,  
 To draw their moral colour, form, and pleasures,  
 And I shall, then, be happy ; I shall deem  
 The pageantry, and bustle of the world,  
 The sport of children, and of fools, the contest.

## L E O N O R A.

Say, who can listen, and not catch thy flame ?  
 Sincerely, then, thy Leonora tells thee,  
 That with these simple objects, yet, the sources  
 Of the most poignant pleasures, and with Zaigri,  
 This world, so fertile of calamity,  
 Would prove, to *me*, a paradise : my thanks  
 I'd pay to Heaven, for all my cares, and pains ;  
 Those salutary monitors, which cure  
 The giddy mind, in elevated station ;  
 Strengthen, refine it, to determined virtue ;  
 Detach us from dependence on mankind ;  
 Contract the space, and, hence, ensure the stay  
 Of our felicity. On this retirement  
 Should any ill intrude ; thy consolation,  
 And thy society, with present pleasure  
 Would ballance pain, and soon extract the sting.

And

And if *my* love could mitigate thy cares,  
 The sense that I possessed that healing power  
 Would soothe my grief for thee, and in it's place  
 Would substitute a pleasing melancholy.  
 —But Zaigri, we forget, that, when we meet,  
 We tread on dangerous ground ; foes all around,  
 Watch us, with eyes, and ears ; let us retire  
 Separate ; farewell ! may the good angels guard thee !

Z A I G R I, *embracing her.*

Saints, prophets, Allah's powerful arm protect thee !  
 Plan for me, soon, another interview !  
 Adieu ! He who possesses *thy* affection,

[*Exit Leonora.*

And yet complains of his adversity,  
 Too superciliously exacts from fortune !

[*Exit Zaigri.*

## S C E N E VII.

X I M E N E S, and A L O N Z O.

X I M E N E S.

Well ; have you seen the worthy Garcilaffo ?  
 Much have I longed to hear again, Alonzo,  
 How Spain demeans herself in our new world.

A L O N Z O.

My Lord, in justice, first, to Garcilaffo,  
 I am the messenger of his regret,  
 That illness, an effect of his long voyage,

On



On age oppressive, hath prevented him  
 From offering you, in person, his respects,  
 With all the early zeal of good allegiance,  
 And a full history of the modern Indies :  
 I grieve, my Lord, to bring you it's idea.

X I M E N E S.

What ! does the cross, emblem of heavenly mercy,  
 Still march through blood ?

A L O N Z O.

Their conduct is not milder ;  
 Nay, it would seem, our soldiers, and their leaders,  
 By habit, grow more savage : well you know  
 The sad catastrophe of Montezuma ;  
 The bloody laurels of the ruffian Cortez ;  
 Soon you will learn the more inhuman fate  
 Of Atabalipa ; indignant, learn  
 The more destructive carnage of Pizarro,  
 In fraud, and in barbarity, unrivalled.  
 To copy monstrous deeds, from their superiours,  
 Why need I add the aptness of the rabble ;  
 Who torture, for their sport, the harmless Indians !

X I M E N E S.

Surely thou must remember, my Alonzo,  
 The annals, and the fate of brave Columbus ;  
 And he was equally humane, and brave.  
 From Spanish cruelty, beyond the Atlantick,  
 And from his ill-requited services  
 (For Ferdinand was selfish, and capricious)

Severely

Severely he repented his discovery ;  
 Of courts deceitful ; of ungrateful man,  
 Took his last leave ; and at Valladolid,  
 He pined, and sunk, to an untimely grave !  
 Surely the good man grieved, that he had opened  
 An avenue to rapine, and to murder.  
 As much *I* suffer, to have patronized  
 His great adventure. Vain, unhappy mortals !  
 Blind to the future ; yet, for ever, eager,  
 When fancy plumes a specious enterprize,  
 With all her orient, but delusive colours !  
 How ardent was Columbus, and myself,  
 To find another hemisphere ! If thus  
 The best ambition is on earth rewarded,  
 The worst must feel unutterable pain !

## A L O N Z O.

Ill suits it *me*, to hint to Ximenes  
 A particle of wisdom ; but, my Lord,  
 The consequences of a noble conduct  
 Are not in the performer's power ; yet, surely,  
 The motives are his own ; and to himself,  
 They fail not to condemn, or praise him.

## X I M E N E S.

True ;

But when I think on the calamities  
 Which I have partly caused to the poor Indians,  
 Who, even their foes acknowledge, are innoxious,  
 Calamities, for which, the warrant vouched,

Is

Is our religion; the corrosive thought  
Is second poison to my tottering age;  
It tears my nerves; and presses down my heart!  
—Ye rapid heroes! ye unwearied statesmen!  
Ardent, and strenuous, to extend your empire,  
And multiply your subjects! what results  
Enfue? You, only, to a painful stretch,  
Extend your mind, and multiply your cares!  
But I lose time, with unavailing sorrow.  
We'll go immediately to Garcilasso,  
And plan some remedy to these distresses.  
When *publick* misery calls on Ximenes;  
To my last breath, I will forget *my own*.

*End of the Second Act.*

A C T



## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*A splendid Royal Apartment.*X I M E N E S, *alone.*

**T**HE preffure of old age ; my mind's exertions ;  
My many anxious cares for publick weal ;  
For private glory ; and the subtle foe,  
The minifter of dark affaffination,  
To the dread confines of the world eternal  
At length, have brought me : in the clofing act  
Of my life's drama, let my deeds be worthy  
Of it's moft animated fcenes. Intent  
On contemplation, my expiring lamp  
Hath often caught my eye ; it vibrated  
With active motion, and fhot beauteous rays  
Of rich, and varied light. What nature's laws  
Give to the dying lamp, let me derive  
From the full force of that great moral law,  
Which ever forms, and guards, and perfects virtue ;  
Strong, and unconquerable refolution.

E

S C E N E

## SCENE II.

*Enters ALONZO.*

ALONZO.

My lord, the duke of Alva, with the marquis  
Of Aguilar, and of Astorga, mindful,  
With due observance, of the hour you fixed,  
Are here, and wait your leisure.

XIMENES.

Are my heralds  
Without, in proper order, to accost them?

ALONZO.

They are, my lord.

XIMENES.

Then you may bid them enter :  
I hope I shall dismiss them better taught,  
And humbler than they came.

## SCENE III.

*XIMENES mounts his Throne ; the three Grandees enter, introduced by ALONZO ; they seem surprized at XIMENES's situation ; bow to him humbly, and in confusion. ALONZO continues on the Stage.*

XIMENES.

My lords, you wished

An

An interview on matter of great import;  
Communicate your business freely to me.

Marquis of AGUILAR.

'Tis for the ear of Ximenes alone.

XIMENES.

Marquis of Aguilar, I'd rather trust  
Alonzo, than the first grandee of Spain;  
I've trusted him with more momentous secrets  
Than any *you* can bring me:—stay Alonzo;  
You shall not go:—now, gentlemen, proceed.

Duke of ALVA.

My lord, ere *you* usurped a power in Spain,  
Never by subject exercised before;  
'Tis known to you, to Europe, to the world,  
That her grandees were venerated, feared;  
The counsellours, the guardians of their king;  
Their privileges none presumed to question.  
Then we desire to know, by what commission,  
By what severe authority, our rights,  
From immemorial time, are spurned by *you*;  
How a Franciscan, from his humble cell,  
Controuls our nobles, as his caprice dictates;  
By what mysterious title he condemns them  
To servile chains; to banishment, or death.

XIMENES.

They who are void of true, inherent greatness,  
Still spread the glare of artificial plumage.

E 2

Sure,



Sure, a good monk is a far nobler being  
 Than he who, impudently, pleads his wealth,  
 His titles, and his virtuous ancestry,  
 To warrant rapine, murder, and rebellion.

Marquis of ASTORGA.

My lord, none of these crimes you will impute—

X I M E N E S.

Astorga, if again you interrupt me,  
 I'll treat you as a traitor to your prince ;  
 In *me*, respect his representative.  
 For the last time, I'll deign to reason with you ;  
 With words to make you feel your misdemeanours,  
 And learn your duty ; therefore, mark me well.

Through the timidity, and indolence  
 Of kings, and ministers, for centuries,  
 Your fathers trampled on all law, and order ;  
 Oppressed the poor, and with your rightful sovereigns  
 Waged a licentious war ; till I arose,  
 And broke the horrors of the gothick spell ;  
 Restored the vigour of the written law ;  
 And forced even arrogance like yours, to own  
 The law eternal, on the human heart  
 Impressed, of justice, and humanity.  
 Your monarch hath to *me* his sway deputed ;  
 And, in *his* absence, I am king of Spain ;  
 Aye, and on good occasions, I'll exert  
 Each atom of my delegated power.  
 Heaven is my witness, I detest all tyrants :  
 You are a band of tyrants ; a poor state

Had

Had better crouch to Nero than to you !  
 A single monster might be sooner reached,  
 Sooner exterminated :—you're a hydra ;

*[He descends from the Throne.]*

And I'm a Hercules;—not yet worne out ;  
 And if you still make havock in our Lerna,  
 Like old Alcides, while I live, I'm able  
 To cut off heads, never to spring again.  
 So much for words ; of my authority  
 We'll give them now a proof more palpable.

Duke of ALVA.

You say, my lord, that you love clemency ;  
 We meant not to offend our noble regent ;  
 But with humility to plead our cause.

XIMENES.

Be not afraid ; I will not, but for justice  
 Material to the state, even hurt a hair  
 On any of your heads ; for in Heaven's book,  
 They all are numbered. 'Tis now, yours, Alonzo,  
 To see that on the terrace, and the platform,  
 My faithful servants execute my orders.

*[Exit Alonzo.]*

Listen, my lords, a moment ;—

*[Cannons fire.]*

Now you hear  
 Those iron tongues ;—do they not speak distinctly ?  
 —Hear them again !—with voice emphatical,  
 They tell the rude insurgents of these realms,

By what authority I do these things ;  
 How the Franciscan cord, with it's least motion,  
 Can lead our proud grandees, and make them tremble;  
 While Ximenes, with these tremendous warrants,  
 Controuls all Arragon, and both Castiles.  
 Now duke of Alva, Aguilar, Astorga,  
 I'll never more with you expostulate.  
 Farewell, for this time ; if you give me cause  
 Again to punish your disloyalty,  
 I'll speak to you, in thunder ; I'll urge home  
 The last decisive argument of kings.

[*Exit Ximenes : manent, Alva, Aguilar, Astorga.*]

A L V A.

We now may go ; I'm glad that our dismissal  
 Was not still more severe :—my lords, I told you,  
 That to interrogate a Ximenes  
 On governing with rigour, was to ask  
 The glorious sun why he sent down on Spain  
 Rays so direct, and ardent.

A G U I L A R.

I must own,  
 Your simile is apt, in various lights,  
 So splendid, so magnificent, his manner.

A S T O R G A.

*Me* he hath made a convert to obedience ;  
 Again I feel him like the orb of day ;

Though



Though his heat withers me, yet I admire him ;  
The powerful conquerour charms, while he subdues !

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E IV.

X I M E N E S, *and* A L O N Z O.

X I M E N E S.

Alonzo, go to Audley, and Randolfo,  
The Florentine, and Briton, and acquaint them,  
That, for awhile, I wish to have their converse.

A L O N Z O.

With expedition I'll obey the order.

[*Exit* Alonzo.

X I M E N E S, *alone.*

No task more grateful to a generous mind  
Than to suppress, and mortify the pride  
That flows not from a consciousness of merit,  
But from a sense of accidental power  
O'er others, and an ardour to pervert it  
To our own use ; our mean, and selfish nature  
Is not deformed with a worse lineament.  
To hold a proper language to those rebels,  
My poor remains of strength almost exhausted.  
I feel that my good acts must now be crowded :  
Time presses ; and my tide of life is ebbing

Extremely fast ; then, let it, like the Nile,  
Leave fruitful tracts behind it.

[Alonzo *introduces* Audley, and  
Randolfo, and *retires*.

## S C E N E V.

X I M E N E S.

Gentlemen,  
Well met ; an intercourse with men of learning  
Alleviates publick labours :—Audley, you'll find  
The clime of Spain oppressive, after England.

A U D L E Y.

At first, my lord ;—habit will make it easy.  
Our nature's flexible ; we grow indifferent,  
Soon, to all latitudes, if we're inured  
To temperance, and to good, and close pursuits.

X I M E N E S.

A certain, and a most momentous truth !  
To you, Randolfo, our intenser climate  
Is less perceptible ; a genial heat  
Warms *your* fair soil, and animates her sons.

R A N D O L F O.

'Tis true, my lord ; but I should be ambitious,  
To emulate my worthy British friend ;  
And make all climates subject to the mind.  
The human mind, well-disciplined, imparts

Most

Most salutary beams to it's possessor ;  
Or, in high station, rivalling the sun,  
Cheers a large empire with it's rays benign.  
The latter truth a Ximenes demonstrates :  
While *he* protects these realms, the arts, and virtue,  
From every country, are at home, in Spain.

## X I M E N E S.

Give me thy hand ; I like ingenuous praise ;—  
'Tis not a mark, I hope, that I'm a dotard.  
— And to reply with eulogy sincere,  
I think you both have honoured me extremely,  
In quitting your own countries, where, by culture,  
The powers of intellect, and sentiment,  
Expand, with all their force, to all their action,  
For our comparatively barbarous land.  
Randolfo, I'm no stranger to the fame  
Of your great Medicis ; no stranger, Audley,  
To the renown of Albion ; much I've heard ;  
Much have I read, of your immortal Alfred.  
The recollection of those famous annals,  
Warming my heart, will make me garrulous.

## A U D L E Y.

Praise to our island, given by Ximenes,  
Must be harmonious to an English ear.

## X I M E N E S.

By no great state it ever was excelled,  
In wisdom, or in valour :—I review,

With



With martial heat, your Creffy, and Poitiers,  
 And Azincour ; where, at the sweeping storm  
 Of true old English ardour, your French foes,  
 In hosts innumerable, turned as pale  
 As were their faded lilies.—Like old Nestor,  
 I now must praise myself.—For fifty years,  
 I've been asserting man's eternal rights,  
 In this licentious, or despotick land.  
 Then, for *my* favourite chapter, in your annals,  
 Give me your memorable victory,  
 Of matchless import ; without bloodshed gained ;  
 Give me your barons armed in the field,  
 Not by Bellona, but by sage Minerva,  
 With calm, yet with determined breast, extorting  
 Your glorious charter from encroaching kings !  
 The scene, the subject, warms the patriot band ;  
 And, by degrees, fair freedom's fine contagion  
 Runs through the ranks : quick grows the pulse of na-  
 ture ;

A lambent fire plays from each kindling eye ;——  
 While old, adjacent, and prophetick Thames,  
 Sedge-crowned, with his congratulating labour,  
 Heaves, from his deepest cave, an urn enormous ;  
 Pours it's libation, with a giant-glee,  
 A pure, vast flood, to future liberty !  
 Already the triumphant God foresees  
 The certain homage of each distant clime.  
 The older Brutus, and the younger Cato,  
 Incline, attentive, from the sky ; more happy  
 To see their British peers !—My friends, your pardon ;

My strain, I fear, grows lavish, grows Ovidian;  
But twice, in life, our nature is the boy.

A U D L E Y.

Yet, with such puerile thoughts, a Livy wrote;  
Tyrtæus sung; the Fabii lived, and died.

X I M E N E S.

Island of glory! I am loth to quit thee!  
Nurse of brave sons, and daughters heavenly-fair!  
In late posterity, thou yet art destined  
To usher pictures to the sage's eye,  
In conflicts for thy freedom, unexampled  
In the world's various, and eventful page.  
But there's a common fate, my worthy Briton,  
[*Taking Audley by the hand.*

Which all great states have suffered;—luxury,  
Sprung from rich commerce, is at war with virtue.  
The time may come, when your illustrious country,  
Shall lose her worth, and fame; when *you*, deluded,  
Wondering at vanished Sparta, shall behold  
The glittering, trivial race of soft Tarentum:  
When, with the mouldering form, the empty shell  
Of liberty, it's vital pith all gone,  
You shall be mocked, and cheated; in your senate,  
Gay, venal striplings, will presume to plead,  
With warmth, and plausibility, for freedom;  
And prate about her, when she lives no more.—  
—But let me change this melancholy prospect.  
'Twas my intention, when I next should meet you,  
To ask of each, a favour of importance,

'Tis

'Tis promised by some other learned strangers :  
Sure, what *they* granted, *you* will not refuse me.

R A N D O L F O .

I promise for myself ;—I may, for Audley.

A U D L E Y .

You may, assuredly ; what Ximenes  
Desires, by *me* can never be refused.

X I M E N E S .

'Tis, that if you survive me, you continue,  
For life, with your appointments, to inform  
Our Spanish youth, in liberal arts, and science ;  
The best preservatives from every vice,  
Next to religion ; and the best incentives  
To every virtue : for a legacy,  
'Tis, therefore, one of my anxieties,  
To leave these moral treasures to my country.

A U D L E Y .

To realize thy wish, I will devote  
My ardent zeal, and my industrious care,  
As I revere the Majesty supreme !  
What genius ought not to be proud to second  
The plans, the talents of so great a master !

R A N D O L F O .

I, too, invoke the providence of Heaven,  
So to befriend me, as I shall apply

*My*



*My* zeal, and my endeavours to fulfill  
What Ximenes requests!

X I M E N E S.

Accept, my friends,  
My ardent thanks ; you greatly have obliged me.  
*One* favour you've conferred ; let me unfold  
*Two*, of a different nature, done to *me*.  
—Three years ago, the moment when I opened  
A letter of exprefs from Germany,  
I felt it fraught with virulent contents :  
A subtle, potent, and a fatal vapour,  
Flew to my brain, and, for awhile, dislodged  
My reason ; often, fince, my head is feized  
With racking pains, and temporary ftupor.—  
This to the Auftrian cabinet I owe !

A U D L E Y.

Oh ! ill-requited cares for Auftria's empire !

X I M E N E S.

Nought but the death of merit fatiates envy !  
Twelve times the moon hath changed, fince, on my  
journey  
To the falubrious climate of Aranda,  
I dined at Bofeguillas ; my repaft  
Was hardly ended, when the dire effects  
Of deadly poifon tore this aged frame :—  
I'm told it came from one I thought my friend :

If

If it be so, tortures exceeding mine,  
Will, ere he dies, requite the barbarous deed.

R A N D O L F O .

Whoe'er he be, he's not the enemy  
Of Ximenes alone, but of mankind ;  
And may his brother-dæmons rack the fiend !

X I M E N E S .

Let us forgive our enemies ; believe me  
(Is there aught, now, to tempt me to deceive ?)  
I long have conquered permanent revenge :  
You know, our master for his murderers prayed.  
—I've seen, I've known, I've felt this changeful world ;  
It's many cares ; it's toils ; it's disappointments ;  
It's perfidy ; it's black ingratitude :  
Nought has it worth a wish, excepting virtue ;  
And that, for justice, must appeal above.  
Full fourscore years, and more, have snowed this head ;  
The mind's exertion, age, assassination,  
Have shaken this frail body, to it's vitals :  
Therefore, this world, which I've too truly painted,  
I leave, without regret ; I leave, with pleasure.

A U D L E Y .

For *me*, to wish, to live like Ximenes,  
Would argue too presumptuous an ambition ;  
But let me wish, like Ximenes to die !

R A N -

R A N D O L F O.

So pray I, for myself, with fervent spirit !

X I M E N E S.

Too warm is your esteem ; the eye of friendship  
Still proves, to worth, a magnifying mirror !  
You'll both retire with me ; for I must show you  
Some sacred volumes of much erudition ;  
From which, in after times, and in the sphere  
Celestial, I foresee my brightest fame.  
Be it *your* care, to give them to the world.  
A reverence to *each Holy Testament*  
Should surely dictate, and distinguish *mine*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

G I R A L D O, *alone.*

I have the strongest proofs that Baracaldo  
Poisoned our regent ;—nay, of late, the villain  
Has looked the murderer ; looked, as if he wished  
To stab each man that met him, and himself.  
In the same chamber, a few nights ago,  
It was my chance, to sleep with Baracaldo ;  
His perturbation, in his dreams, awaked me.  
Look ! Ximenes is there ! (he cried) how pale,  
How wan, and how emaciated ! His eyes  
Are sunk ; yet baleful are their glances, to me !

Take



Take him away, my friends ! oh ! take him off !  
 I cannot bear the agonizing fight !  
 He crushes, racks, annihilates me !  
 He started, and awoke.—Infernal monster !  
 A creature, whom the generous cardinal  
 Took from a low estate ; promoted, placed him,  
 In honourable office, near his person.  
 Ingratitude is a characteristick  
 Of man alone ; a most ignoble stigma  
 On the first beings of this nether world !  
 Am I a dog ?—exclaimed the proud Philistine !  
 A dog is always grateful.—Let me think :—  
 Our cautious laws ask more than moral proofs ;  
 Mine are not legal ; but I will supply  
 The phlegmatick, and timorous law's defect ;  
 Snatch a bold grace, in conduct ; and despising  
 Local, and uneffective institution,  
 Assert pure, absolute, eternal justice.  
 This poniard shall reprove the traitor's heart !  
*Mine* will approve the deed !—And if the heart,  
 It's hurry o'er, in movement calm, approves  
 An act that supersedes the voice of nature,  
 The offender whom we killed, deserved to die.  
 My love of glory, too, with all it's fire,  
 Impells me to avenge a Ximenes.  
 Spain, Europe, and the new-discovered world  
 Will rank me with their patriots, and their heroes !  
 —But while I meditate this great atchievement,  
 I see the Cardinal himself approaching !

[*He sheaths the dagger :—enters Ximenes.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E VII.

\* X I M E N E S.

How fares Giraldo?—I would speak with you.

G I R A L D O.

My Lord, I'm ever proud of conversation  
With *you*.

X I M E N E S.

My life flows fast; my time is short;  
Thou wilt not, *now*, refuse what I shall ask?

G I R A L D O.

Let Ximenes command; and I'll obey.

X I M E N E S.

Give me thy solemn word that thou wilt be,  
To thy life's end, what thou hast always been,  
Brave, honest, generous, temperate in thy pleasures.

G I R A L D O.

As Heaven omniscient hears our conference,  
I'll be, to death, what thou requirest of me.

\* I wrote this scene, only to prepare the reader, or spectator, for the warm interest which the cardinal afterwards feels in the fate of Giraldo. By this scene, I think Ximenes is brought too soon on the stage, after his last departure from it; and it would have been more properly omitted, if the piece had been represented.

F

X I M E N E S.

## X I M E N E S.

Then I am satisfied, concerning thee.—  
 This is my oral will ; and thou wilt find  
 Giraldo's name distinguished in another.  
 Farewell, my friend ; be Providence thy guide :  
 Continue virtuous ; and continue happy.

## G I R A L D O.

My Lord, farewell. [*Exit Ximenes.*]---Thou demi-  
 god on earth !  
 Thy kindness points my sword, and fires my arm !  
 [*Exit Giraldo.*]

## S C E N E   V I I I.

L E O N O R A, *and* L U C I N D A.

## L E O N O R A.

The gloom, Lucinda, darkens more around me :  
 Thy consolation, and thy sympathy,  
 Are losing, now, their charming power to soothe me.

## L U C I N D A.

What new distress, big with uncommon evil,  
 Alarms a heart, too tremblingly alive ?

## L E O N O R A.

But now, that wretch, our grand inquisitor,  
 Whose first delight, is, to torment mankind,  
 Hath left my father ; from those prejudices

Of



Of nation, and religion, which contract  
 The minds of both ; but chiefly, from the stern,  
 And unrelenting soul of Torquemada,  
 I must infer the worst calamity.  
 And should that fiend, with all his life consistent,  
 Pleading Heaven's warrant, perpetrate some deed,  
 Destructive of my peace, and of my love,  
 The prospect of redress from Ximenes,  
 Is, by a strange fatality, precluded.  
 That god-like man, who seems to have been born  
 To punish tyrants, to protect the helpless,  
 And from the tortured breast to root out pain,  
 Has, with absurd, with cruel toleration,  
 Which, to it's cause, acuteness ne'er could trace,  
 Indulged the frantick zeal of Torquemada,  
 In barbarous deeds licentious : then, what hope,  
 What faintest gleam of hope can rise to *me* ?

## LUCINDA.

My Leonora, with advice elaborate  
 To pall thy sick, and agitated mind,  
 Would be imprudent ; yet let me intreat thee  
 To summon to thy aid the powerful comforts  
 Which innocence affords afflicted minds ;  
 And every Christian's task, with fortitude  
 To bear the evils of this transient life.

## LEONORA.

Not yet these awful, salutary objects  
 Are torne from my distracted memory.

But oh ! thou Father of the universe ! [*She kneels.*  
 Omniscient Authour of the human frame !  
 By whom strong hopes, and fears ; love, and abhorrence,  
 Are there infused ; the private agonies  
 For self ; the generous pains for others !  
 If a weak woman hath not force of soul  
 To rule the feelings of humanity ;  
 To check the impulse of a noble passion ;  
 Wilt thou forgive me ! *Thou*, who must distinguish  
 Frailty from will perverse ! I trust, thou wilt ;  
 Or I shall now incur divine displeasure ! [*She rises.*

## L U C I N D A .

I'd sooner die than offer thee vain hope,  
 The source of future, and severer grief.  
 But 'tis the genius of imagination,  
 With it's precursive, and unbounded action,  
 To magnify all human good, and ill.  
 Check the wild ranger with the curb of reason ;  
 Use, for thyself, that heaven-descended talent,  
 Which to another's fate thou would'st apply  
 With powerful energy. Besides, thy father,  
 And Torquemada, might confer on business  
 Not relative to Zaigri, nor to thee.

## L E O N O R A .

This boding heart, Lucinda, is pressed down  
 With a presentiment, which rudely foils  
 Thy sympathetick aid.—My noble Zaigri,  
 Had thy great soul been reared in mean estate ;

Had

Had I been born in similar condition ;  
And had not partial, and tyrannick laws,  
From simple truth repelled our ancestors,  
We had been happy ! My plain, honest father,  
Untainted with the art, and pomp of life,  
Would have acceded, with more ease, to reason,  
And owned the universal ties of nature !  
Our humble cottage would have, then, escaped  
The watchful bigot's dark, and tearless eye !  
That faithful cot would have done all it promised ;  
It would have kindly sheltered peace, and love !  
Oh ! why, Lucinda, does the gorgeous palace  
Mock, and insult us with it's proffered pleasures ?

## LUCINDA.

Would that thy pleasing, and instructive pictures  
Owed less their style pathetick to thy sorrows !

## LEONORA.

Those sorrows grow more pungent by reflexion !  
How shall I combat our impending danger !  
Shall I implore my father ?—Could I soften  
*His* prejudice, and pride, this feeble hand  
Might, next, remove an Atlas. Shall I kneel,  
A suppliant, at the feet of Ximenes ?  
As little, even from *him*, the great, the good,  
Can I anticipate our preservation !  
He, now, for years, from some mysterious cause,  
Or, from supine indulgence, inconsistent



With all his other active, generous life,  
Hath borne inquisitorial tyranny.  
When the relentless flood sweeps us to ruin,  
The slightest shoot of an impending o'er  
Instinctively we seize.—Shall I, ignobly,  
Persuade my gallant Moor to change his faith?  
But, then, no longer should I find him Zaigri!  
How could I love him, with his glory faded!  
'Tis less afflicting to a generous breast,  
To have the body in perpetual durance,  
Than to enslave the soul!—What horrid scenes  
Do I anticipate! I see thee, Zaigri,  
Seized by the ministers of Torquemada!  
Immured, for life, in a dark, noisome dungeon,  
Where courage as determined as thy own,  
Must be appalled, and sink! I see thee pining,  
And from the loss of glorious light, and freedom,  
Suffering a slow, and heart-consuming death!  
I see thee, yet more dreadfully, the victim  
Of horrid superstition, and revenge.  
Imagination puts me on the rack  
Inquisitorial!—How it wrings my heart,  
And almost fires my brain!—That horrid stake  
For *him* is not intended;—nor that fire;  
Not for pure honour; for humanity!  
Which ne'er approached distress, but to relieve it;  
And when it saw *my* grief, just as the sun  
Beams from a watery cloud, with cheering smile,  
Reproved the tear of its own sympathy!

How

# A T R A G E D Y.

71

How shall I calm my mind !—I fear, my reason  
Will suffer, in this wreck of happiness !

LUCINDA.

May Heaven thy lost tranquillity restore,  
Which friendship strives, in vain, to re-establish !

LEONORA.

Go with me to the harbour, there support me;  
Help me to meet, or to escape these ills !  
—What shall I do, my friend, to be at peace !  
Advise me, good Lucinda !—Shall I quit  
This bustling, noisy, miserable world !  
Seek a still convent; kiss the holy veil !  
—Oh ! ignominious thought !—What, steal to quiet,  
While racks, or faggots, are prepared for Zaigri !  
—I must atone, by some heroïck deed,  
If coward nature but obeys my zeal,  
For this high treason to deserted love !  
—I'll tell thee what I'll do.—Yes—should my lover  
Be sentenced to an agonizing death,  
I'll follow him to the last point of fate.  
I will attend the heinous execution ;  
And seize the virtue of an Eastern dame.  
When the dire apparatus is compleated ;  
The last criterion of his dauntless mind ;  
I, too, like him, will have my pyle funereal,  
Which I'll ascend, with Indian majesty :—  
They who refuse the pains their lovers feel,

Are strangers to the omnipotence of passion !  
I, once, will emulate a Zaigri's courage,  
And, once, the rigour of a Torquemada !  
I'll prove my constancy, as genuine gold  
Is proved, and die, my own inquisitor !

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the Third Act.*

A C T



## A C T IV.

## S C E N E I.

*The Inquisition: at a short distance from Granada.*

Z A I G R I, in prison.

**T**HIS change, I must confess, was unexpected.  
I knew the fluctuating scenes of life :  
But when I last saluted mild Aurora,  
I could not apprehend, that ere the moon  
Rose o'er the earth, a dungeon would receive me.  
I thought, the friendship of the noble regent  
A shield impassive to the violence  
Of this precipitate inquisitor.  
The wretch presumes to force a generous mind.  
I was, but lately, more than half a Christian ;  
I now relapse into a Mussulman.  
I'd rather seem a profligate, a fool,  
Than play the servile hypocrite. By Allah,  
If aught could make me hate to do what's right,  
'Twould be compulsion, urging rectitude.  
—Where am I lodged ?—This is a charnel-house,  
There's something in it's dreadful style, it's manner,  
Strongly significant of pain, and death !  
Here silence, with distinct, and strong expression,  
Speaks, in funereal eloquence, and tells me,

Pity, ne'er, hither brought her smile, or tear.  
 New ghosts, incumbent on the murky air,  
 Hover, and linger here, to execrate  
 Their murderers, ingenious to refine  
 On torture. To some distance from Granada,  
 I'm now removed. The regent is infirm ;  
 Unable his imprisoned friend to rescue  
 From the keen fangs of rapid persecution !  
 All this, the *brave* must own, is terrible.  
 But, surely, 'tis ambition's glorious aim,  
 Greatly, to strive to be a perfect hero.  
 This is the time, to summon to my aid,  
 Of good, and great, whatever nature gave me ;  
 All that Abdallah taught ; all that I owe  
 To thought, to fortitude, to constant virtue !  
 Some hand unlocks that gate !—My eyes deceive me,  
 Or Leonora is advancing hither.  
 'Tis she ! the ingenuity of love  
 Will glide through adamant !—[*Enters Leonora*] My  
 Leonora !

## SCENE II.

Let me, once more, enfold thee in these arms !  
 Thy visit to me, here, pains, yet transports me !  
 For in the worst calamity, the sight  
 Of those we love, revives the drooping soul !  
 We cling to them, with hope, and fondly fancy,  
 That there's some mighty magick in affection,  
 Which can elude the grasp of tyrant power !  
 But how hast thou obtained admittance hither ?

LEONORA.

By all-persuasive gold;—but in the state,  
Or rather, tumult of my present being,  
What rude obstruction could have checked my progress?  
For I'm resolved to live, or die with Zaigri!  
Oh! thy impending fate distracts my brain!  
Do I transgress our feminine reserve?  
Yet I feel no reproach, no sting, from conscience:  
Why should I blush to be in love with virtue?

ZAIGRI.

Were I not, now, desirous to allay  
My strong, and pungent feelings, I should yield  
Or to despondency, or wilder passion.  
Act *thou* like Leonora; let those truths,  
That still have modelled, still adorned thy life,  
Resume their influence, and ensure thy welfare  
Against the whirls of fortune.

LEONORA.

Gracious Heaven!

And canst thou reason; canst thou be composed?  
For *me*, I'm horror, all; I'm, all, confusion;  
Zaigri, I am resolved not to survive thee.  
I've brought a faithful servant to this dungeon,

[*She shows a dagger.*]

On whom I can rely:—if thou must suffer,  
This shall let out my soul!—'Twill follow thee;  
'Twill flee away from pain, and be at rest!

ZAIGRI.



## Z A I G R I .

My resolution cannot stand this proof.  
 When thy o'erwhelming violence of grief  
 With horror strikes my sight, pervades my fancy,  
 Of manly action all my practice fails ;  
 And all it's theory dissolves in air.  
 Why wilt thou make a coward of thy Zaigri ?  
 The taunts, and insults, of the human vulgar,  
 I could with patience bear : I would not suffer,  
 Even Penury's chill gripe to freeze my soul.  
 Perhaps, on the fell rack, or at the stake,  
 I might prove emulous of some great minds ;  
 And like a hero, tolerate my pain.  
 But to know thee, who should'st repose, for ever,  
 On conscious innocence, and deeds benign,  
 A victim to excruciating woe,  
 Would give the sharpest instruments of death,  
 Points of invenomed fire ; hurl, from her summit,  
 Proud reason down ; with desolating fury,  
 Convulse the fixed foundations of existence ;  
 And wrenching nature from her last recesses,  
 Would drive her round in frenzy ! Wilt thou treat me  
 With more barbarity than Torquemada !

## L E O N O R A .

Oh ! I did wrong, to aggravate the weight  
 Of thy calamity !—But I'll be calm.—

## Z A I G R I .

Then wilt thou grant one boon that I shall ask ?

## L E O N O R A .

LEONORA.

Whatever Zaigri shall request, I'll grant.

ZAIGRI.

Give me that dagger, gentle Leonora ;  
It suits but ill thy tender, female arm.

LEONORA.

Take it, from my regard for truth, and thee ;  
But be assured, I give it with reluctance :  
For shouldst *thou*, cruelly, be wrested from me,  
It would have proved my best, my only friend.

ZAIGRI.

My Leonora, from the changeful scenes  
That ever pass before us, let us learn  
Mild resignation to the will of Heaven.  
Why should the darkness of the present hour  
Affect the colour of our future days ?  
That Providence which of vouchsafes to man  
Illustrious proofs of it's paternal love,  
Can yet, with ease, disperse this thickening gloom ;  
Restore me to the golden light of freedom ;  
Bid us live long, and through long life, be happy.

LEONORA.

Oh ! thou appeaser of my fears, my sorrows,  
The tempest of my soul ; thy soft persuasion  
Soothes me to peace, as Zephyr breathes on ocean,  
Tossed

Tossed by the fury of the northern storm.  
I'll moderate my woe; watch o'er myself;  
And expiate, to offended Heaven, and thee!  
But even *this* painful interview we're envied;  
Unwelcome messengers, I fear, approach us.

[*Enter TORQUEMADA, and two Servants of the  
Inquisition, armed.*]

## S C E N E III.

TORQUEMADA.

What, dare you, then, profane this holy ground  
With warm emotions of unhallowed love?  
It would besit thee more, thou infidel,  
To teach thy stubborn heart to meet salvation,  
Than thus to be amused with amorous tales!  
And can the daughter of Medina's duke,  
Spurn filial duty, reverence to the church;  
Steal meanly from her home; pollute her soul,  
With this Mahometan, this wretched Moor;  
And thus desert the sacred path of peace!

LEONORA.

There is no peace, where Torquemada sways  
His iron sceptre; but sighs, tears, and groans;  
Distraction, and despair; outrageous passions,  
That tear the finer ligaments of nature!

ZAIGRI.



## Z A I G R I.

Let not this caitiff discompose my fair-one ;  
 Break not, for *him*, thy temper, nor thy promise.  
 I have not power to punish all thy guilt,  
[To Torquemada.

As it deserves.—Thou art as weak, as worthless ;  
 Therefore, unworthy of expostulation.  
 Whatever destiny I, yet, may feel ;  
 Whether I'm on the rack, or on a bed  
 Of roses ; I shall ever be the same,  
 To thee, thou fiend ; and equally despise  
 The teacher, and the tyrant !

## T O R Q U E M A D A.

Impious boaster !

Thou shalt repent the licence of thy tongue,  
 Great Emperour !—Thou insolent barbarian !  
 My guards, take off this poor, deluded woman ;  
 And reconduct her safely to her father.

## Z A I G R I.

Now, Leonora, keep thy sacred promise !  
 Give me one moment :—I insist to have it.  
[To Torquemada.

Keep off, ye meanest slaves ; ye slaves to priestcraft !  
[To the Guards advancing towards Leonora.

Know, that betwixt this lady, and myself,  
 There is a vow recorded in the skies ;  
 And from *their* court I learn, and from my spirit,  
That,

That, conscious, warms within me, and asserts  
 It's rightful empire o'er inferiour souls ;  
 That with presumptuous, and rude interference,  
 You dare not check one movement of my will ;  
 Dare not repress, with ignominious hands,  
 The sacred ardour of this last farewell.

[*He embraces Leonora.*

First of thy sex ! may happiness be thine !  
 Through fleeting time, and in eternity,  
 May all-sufficient Providence protect thee !  
 Remember me, and universal virtue !

LEONORA, *while they press her off the Stage.*

Oh ! while distress permits my memory  
 To hold it's images, both I'll adore !  
 Oh ! hard, intolerable separation !  
 I feel that my existence is divided !  
 I feel it torne to pieces ! but my heart,  
 The test of constant love, I leave with Zaigri !

[*Exit.*

Z A I G R I, *after two or three turns.*

The paroxysm of my soul is past.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter XIMENES, and ALONZO.*

X I M E N E S.

Fear not, Alonzo ; I shall bear the journey.  
 You'll bid the servants wait, and, then, return.

Z A I G R I.

Z A I G R I,

What ! is my tutelary genius here !

[Alonzo goes, and returns. Torquemada is  
greatly agitated, and falls back.]

X I M E N E S.

My worthy, brave, and greatly injured Zaigri !  
How strange, and how degrading, is our fate !  
I little thought, that you, and good Alonzo,  
Should, with myself, e'er meet in Pandæmonium ;  
And even before our death !

[To Torquemada.]

Come forth, thou vultur !  
Thou hast, at length, smelt out the flower of manhood ;  
Torne from my arms my bosom friend !—*my* friend !  
The generous, equal friend of human kind !  
The glory of our species !—Thou hast rouzed  
A dauntless lion, shamefully asleep,  
Too long ; but now he growls for ample vengeance ;  
Lashes his sides, and quickly will devour thee !

T O R Q U E M A D A.

Is this the man, who solemnly engaged,  
And to his dying queen, that he'd protect me ;  
Maintain the dignity, and execution  
Of my severe, but salutary office ?

X I M E N E S.

Truth is, thou know'st, the idol of my heart !

G

And



And thou must likewise know, with loyal worship,  
 How I adore the memory of my queen !  
 I gave to Isabella, on her death-bed,  
 A promise, in thy favour, too restrictive ;  
 To which I've payed a doating veneration.  
 I now retract that promise ; I annul it ;  
 And with the bright, celestial sword of justice,  
 I cut the superstitious gordian knot.  
 Truth is but sacred, for it's glorious ends ;  
 And so is every virtue. Sparing thee,  
 I give myself the lye ; I tell the world,  
 In conduct, that thy horrid deeds are right ;  
 I contradict the Authour of all nature !  
 Let me expunge my crime of dire omission.—  
 —How shall I punish thee !—I'll give thee back  
 Thyself ;—the sentence which thou hast pronounced  
 On hapless men ;—I'll make a bonfire of thee ;  
 It will give light, and triumph, to all Spain !

## Z A I G R I.

If ever, Ximenes, I found thy favour,  
 Wilt thou permit me, humbly to remind thee,  
 That souls, like thine, armed with decisive power,  
 To high authority, howe'er abused,  
 When fallen, and sunk, have still inclined to mercy ?

## A L O N Z O.

And wilt thou, too, forgive thy faithful servant,  
 If he presumes to add *his* wish humane,

That

That Zaigri, now, may have his usual interest  
In thy great mind !

## X I M E N E S.

I love you, for your weakness,  
My generous friends ! It flows from a fine source.  
But I'm even deaf to Zaigri, and to you ;  
For I've, now, fixed my justice on a rock ;  
And she's impregnable.—No, Torquemada ;  
Thy heart, sheathed with impenetrable steel,  
Mine has not force enough to emulate.  
I never shall inflict a painful death.  
I'll hang thee——on a statute ; 'twas enacted,  
In the first year of the Creator's reign  
O'er his own world ; when, on their golden lyres,  
The minstrelsy above tuned dulcet notes,  
In honour of this nether globe, replete  
With fair, and with diversified existence ;  
And sung that all was good !—The statute says,  
That every tyrant should, in every nation,  
Be hunted down.—Prime minister of Satan !  
Thou hast burned men, because they were too honest  
Even life to purchase with hypocrisy !  
Before the gates of this infernal dome,  
I'll have a gallows planted, and as high  
As Haman's ; that the observing world may know,  
That, in some cases, though I seem neglectful,  
Sooner, or later, I still raise the man,  
According to his merits ; and that priests,  
A subtle, cringing, yet, aspiring race ;

Hell in their hearts ; the gospel on their tongues,  
May dread too high promotion !

T O R Q U E M A D A .

Ximenes,

Thou ever hast inclined to mild decision ;  
Then, on my knees, let me implore thy mercy !

X I M E N E S .

Thou hast deserved my most alarming terrors.  
Know, that I would not take the guiltiest life,  
Without procedure of fair jurisprudence.  
Thy office gives thee an unbounded range ;  
And should'st thou, still, supinely be allowed  
To prowl, at pleasure, thou might'st kill some Zaigri.  
Then hear my ultimate, decisive sentence ;  
And by the God of equity, and mercy,  
It shall be executed. Torquemada,  
You shall be sent, well-guarded, to Madrid ;  
To drag existence, there, in close confinement,  
During the sad remainder of your days ;  
Far from all friends, all social intercourse ;  
Your sole companions, in an old state-prison,  
It's death-like silence ; it's tremendous gloom.  
Waste not an hour of your perpetual durance ;  
But strive, by fervent prayer, severest penance,  
To make atonement for a barbarous life.

T O R Q U E M A D A , *on his Knees.*

Yet let me supplicate thy lenity !

X I M E N E S .



X I M E N E S.

I will not hear a word ; for I'm humane !  
Guards, bear your prisoner off.

T O R Q U E M A D A.

Oh ! I've been wrong !  
And rigour merits rigour !

*[Exit Torquemada.]*

X I M E N E S.

—Now, my Zaigri ;

If yet awhile I live, I'll give my orders,  
That the dark shades, the haviour of this place,  
Shall have a smiling metamorphosis.  
I've banished, with the talisman of justice,  
• The Necromancer, that, for years, hath ruled it.  
The fable genii, here, from Pluto's empire,  
Too long have wreathed their melancholy cypress.  
But, rather, by my more indulgent magick,  
It shall display the fane of Cytherea.  
Not that I mean, with unbecoming licence,  
To give a sanction to illicit love ;  
But that our future Zaigris, Leonoras,  
Shall here prepare their hymeneal wreaths,  
Wreaths of perpetual bloom, perpetual fragrance,  
And strew the floor with roses.—Fare thou well,  
My friend ! my feelings tell me, that to die,  
Atchieving good, softens the king of terrors !  
I'll, at Granada, try to find some rest ;

For flagging nature asks it !—Come, Alonzo !  
 My aid, in life ; in death, my consolation !  
 —Zaigri, this heart is not yet cold ; it breathes  
 An ardent wish for thee !

Z A I G R I.

The consciousness  
 That I possess thy friendship, will inspire me  
 With new ambition to deserve it more.  
 Farewell.

[Ximenes retires.

Z A I G R I, *alone.*

I have thy wish in strong remembrance !  
 But I should like to act from full conviction,  
 When moved by matters of eternal moment.  
 And when I view thee, with infirmities  
 Pressed down to earth, my sympathetick heart  
 Sinks, too, beneath a load of gratitude ;  
 Nor can presume, on themes how'er important,  
 To trouble thee with farther argument.  
 What mind can cavil at the Christian practice !  
 But on some themes of holy speculation,  
 I have my doubts. I'll go to good Alvarez,  
 The hermit of the dale. I'm sure, *he'll* solve them ;  
 Or not inveigle me with sophistry.  
 Betrayed in youth (before we learn suspicion)  
 By a perfidious world, his shining talents  
 He long hath buried in a devious wild,  
 Adorned with nature's rich, fantastick scenes !  
 I'll not lose time ; for I'm impelled by love !

All-

All-conquering power ! did not *thy* interest, now,  
 Promote superiour duty ; I should fear  
 That o'er it thou wouldst claim despotick sway,  
 And prove victorious ! Thou art Heaven *below* !  
 And, hence, 'tis thine, even in *religious* minds,  
 To rival, to *out-rival*, Heaven *above* !

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Granada.*

*Duke of MEDINA SIDONIA*—*LEONORA.*

D U K E.

Who would have thought that ever Leonora,  
 For filial love, for piety renowned,  
 Would, when her virtues were matured, have turned  
 A rebel to her father, and her God !

L E O N O R A.

Surely, my father, Heaven inspired our reason,  
 To light us to all truth ; and, oft, my conduct  
 I've tried with reason freed from prejudice ;  
 But I could never find that it deserved  
 These harsh, opprobrious epithets.

D U K E.

Thy passion  
 Gives a wrong bias to thy reason. Canst thou  
 Oppose thy trivial knowledge to the doctrines  
 Which our unerring church hath ratified ?  
 Has not a heretick seduced thy love ?  
 An everlasting reprobate of Heaven ?

G 4

L E O N O R A.



## LEONORA.

If thou hast formed my mind, with ease, to honour,  
 Let it provoke thee not, that I'm sincere,  
 And too reflecting for implicit faith.  
 In Zaigri, I admire a heart humane,  
 And valiant ; intellectual faculties  
 Sublime, and consecrated by the love  
 Of truth. And is the Deity the foe  
 Of this essential piety, from causes  
 External, and contingent ? Were our country  
 Only ten leagues from Europe, Mahomet  
 Would have prescribed our faith ; without our choice,  
 We should have vowed obedience to the Koran,  
 From reverence to our fathers. Would the Judge  
 Of heaven, and earth, have marked with his displea-  
     sure,  
 That amiable, that necessary error ?  
 We should have been condemned, as soon, by him,  
 For any other mode ; for dress ; for language.

## DUKE.

Thou prating infidel ! are we to know  
 The moral system of the Deity ?  
 And rashly to pronounce on *his* decrees ?  
 Is not thy boldness checked, when he declares  
 In his own oracles—" I will have mercy  
 " On whom I *will* have mercy ?"—Leonora,  
 I have not patience for a vain debate ;

Resolve

Resolve to conquer a profane attachment ;  
Or to the grave I shall descend with sorrow !

LEONORA.

Oh ! *I* will rather droop, and die, grief's victim !  
Name any arduous task within my power ;  
And I'll perform it, to preserve my father !

D U K E.

Determine, then, to think no more of Zaigri.

LEONORA.

Alas ! my lord ; I fear that you require  
Impossibility ! Even reason's thoughts,  
With colder, slower march, will oft invade  
The breast, in lonely hours ! But to arrest  
The fleet, and glowing pictures of warm fancy,  
Rising in sighs, and darting to their object,  
When the soul works, in fertile solitude,  
Would be, to check the lightning's fiery wing,  
In transit through a still, and lowering sky.  
But though the varied motions of my mind  
May prove too quick, and subtle for controul,  
'Tis virtue's privilege to govern action ;  
And I'll be watchful, never, in my conduct,  
To wound my conscience, or afflict my father.

D U K E.

If thou art now sincere ; if with thy words  
Thou art resolved to correspond in action,

Reject

Reject all future intercourse with Zaigri.  
 If thou observest this injunction, peace,  
 Serenity, and happiness, are mine.  
 But should it be contemned, thy disobedience  
 With melancholy will oppress my age.

## L E O N O R A.

Than thy distress, the worst of ills;—pain, death,  
 Would be less evils to me!—I'll obey thee!

## D U K E.

Now am I blest! I ever did repose  
 On thy affection, on thy truth. I'll leave thee,  
 In calm retirement, and thy own reflexions,  
 To taste the sweets of filial piety;  
 How purer, more sublime, are our enjoyments,  
 Resulting from a firm discharge of duty,  
 Than all the fancied bliss of youthful passion!

[Exit.

L E O N O R A, *alone.*

I could not make a greater sacrifice  
 Than what I've offered to a father's claim!  
 Oh! Zaigri, in thy generous mind, the motive  
 Will plead thy pardon of my dread resolve!  
 I know, 'twill wound thy heart; but be assured,  
 That all it's pangs will be returned by mine.  
 With what acuteness ('tis presumed) we argue  
 Against a force, or weakness, not residing  
 In our own breast!—My father's prejudices

Flow



Flow not from sordid sources.—Pride Castilian ;  
A zeal intemperate for our holy faith !  
These are the foes to Zaigri, and to me !  
But is not, oft, the groveling lust of gold,  
That putrid fever of the soul, in age,  
The tyrant of a fine, a noble flame ?  
Doth it not fancy, in it's wild delirium,  
That avarice is a virtue, love, a crime ?—  
—But what are cool, and sage remarks, to me ?  
—Were not our souls, in sight of Heaven, united !—  
And am not I now torne, divorced from Zaigri ?  
—Oh ! what a pathless desert is the world !

[*Exit Leonora.*]

SCENE VI. *Granada.*

X I M E N E S, *alone, reposing on a Sofa.*

What comfort have I felt from this repose !  
It recreates the poor remains of life.  
But who invades my solitude?—Alonzo !

[*Enters Alonzo.*]

A L O N Z O.

My lord, I interrupt, with great reluctance,  
Your quiet ; but there is a cause ;—Giraldo,  
Honoured with your esteem, has been imprudent ;  
He warmly urged me to request an audience.

X I M E N E S.

## X I M E N E S .

I've heard a strange report ; and much it grieves me,  
Admit him instantly.

[Alonzo retires.

My life is destined,  
To it's expiring hour, to change, and tumult.  
When shall I reach the tranquil hemisphere,  
Eternally serene !—What object meets me !  
Giraldo, and in chains !

[Giraldo enters, manacled, and  
guarded ; and Alonzo.

Why do you bring  
My friend, an honest, generous, valiant man,  
Thus chained, and guarded, like a desperate felon ?

1st Guard.

My lord, we can produce our witnesses,  
To prove, that he has murdered Baracaldo :  
But from his love of truth, from his frank nature,  
We are persuaded, that he'll own the fact.  
It was determined, that his crime should flow  
Along the common stream of legal justice.  
But, with much ardour, he requested leave  
To make his first appeal to *you* : our state  
Owes great indulgence to the brave Giraldo :  
*He*, for his judge, deserves a *Ximenes*.

## X I M E N E S .

Giraldo, thy defence I wish to hear ;  
And yet I dread to hear it ; my esteem

For

For thee, hath corresponded with thy virtues.  
'Tis *I*, who suffer all the culprit's fears!

G I R A L D O.

This breast, my lord, fear hath not yet invaded :  
Honour hath, for itself, no cause to fear.  
My sword I've crimsoned with a villain's blood :  
I've put an end to Baracaldo's crimes ;  
His life I've taken, which he owed to thee.  
I have performed a noble act of justice.

X I M E N E S.

But by *thy* arm, I'm stabbed, through Baracaldo !  
Alas ! how oft do great, exalted souls,  
Who, we would almost wish, might live for ever,  
Their ruin court, by deeds precipitate !  
If Baracaldo, guiltless of a charge  
Imputed to him, fell, I grieve for *him* :  
But, oh ! my aged heart bleeds for Giraldo !

G I R A L D O.

Why ? that the traitor poisoned Ximenes,  
I can convince the world ; and if the world,  
In retribution fair, my last achievement  
Crowns with the patriot's deathless wreath of glory,  
To an ignoble fate wilt *thou* consign me ?

X I M E N E S.

Heaven's clemency forbid that *I* condemn thee !  
By our established laws thou must be tried,

And



And judges.—Had thy unimpassioned reason  
 Controuled thy generous heart's excess !—This scene  
 I wish to close ;—'tis agonizing to me !  
 Giraldo, I am old ; for many years,  
 I've been in power, too apt to taint the heart ;  
 Now, when I tottering stand on the grave's brink,  
 I cannot find that I have stained my life  
 With one oppressive, one injurious act ;  
 Though by such acts, oft, with impunity,  
 My friends I might have spared, or have promoted ;  
 Enriched myself, or gratified revenge,  
 Even by great souls too warmly entertained.  
 Next to my God, I've always worshipped justice ;  
 It is his type ; his representative ;  
 In it's full sense, it means, whatever good  
 Can be performed by reasoning, conscious beings.  
*Justice* is dearer to me than *Giraldo* !

## G I R A L D O.

My heart as yet retains it's satisfaction  
 For having prompted this intrepid hand !  
 Nor do I meanly wish thou may'st relinquish,  
 On *my* account, thy well-earned palm of justice ;  
 Bright ornament of venerable age !

## X I M E N E S.

Ill-fated warmth ! are *we* to supersede,  
 By *our* rash thoughts, divine, and human laws !  
 Are we to seize the flaming bolts of Heaven !  
 Perhaps God means to punish guilt enormous,

By

By suffering it to live ; or, has he not  
A high tribunal in the other world,  
Of universal, and compleat redress ?

G I R A L D O.

*There* I rely.—You've told me that “ you wished  
“ To close this scene ;—’tis agonizing to you.”

Then hear a word or two, and I depart.

Firmly, you know, I've oft encountered death,

Bristled with horreur, in the martial field.

And firmly on the scaffold I can face him,

If I should suffer in a manly cause.

I humbly will expect that high tribunal,

Which will atone for earth's iniquity !

Farewell, good cardinal !—perhaps, for ever !

[*Exit* Giraldo.]

X I M E N E S.

—Alonzo, go ; and till I recollect  
Full presence of my mind, stop all proceedings  
Against Giraldo.

A L O N Z O.

I obey, with pleasure.

[*Exit* Alonzo.]

X I M E N E S, *alone*.

This cruel conflict rends my languid heart !  
Under the banner of Toledo's cross,  
My gallant foldier fought before Oran.

The

The quick, pure effervescence of his youth  
 Announced the virtues of his riper years.  
 Just as the troops were forming, in my tent,  
 My orders he received ; and asked my blessing ;  
 For on the strength of that viaticum,  
 I'm sure, said he, to conquer, or to die,  
 Anticipating Heaven ! His warmth shot through me !  
 I gave the benediction, with a tear,  
 Dropt from anxiety, from hope, from joy.  
 He left me ; joined his squadron ; and like lightning,  
 He charged, and broke the thickest of the foe !  
 He was all, fire, all, friendship ; and all, honour ;  
 Therefore, my celibacy's chosen son !  
 And he has forfeited a glorious life,  
 From his enthusiastick zeal for *me* !  
 What shall I do, to save this generous man !—  
 —I'll interpose :—but, then, I shall wound justice !  
 And if I keep aloof, I lose Giraldo !  
 This is the heaviest shock that, yet, I've suffered :  
 It, now, precipitates the fatal stroke  
 On agitated, and expiring age !  
 Oh ! thou, whom my soul loveth !—Oh ! Giraldo !  
 My son, my son !—Would, I might die for *thee* !  
[Exit Ximenes.]

*End of the Fourth Act.*

A C T



## A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*The Cave of the Hermit ALVAREZ : a beautiful, and romantick prospect : in it's interiour Part, the Hermit's Cave. A Rock, verdure, Wood; a Stream. The HERMIT, and ZAIGRI, advancing from the Cave.*

HERMIT:

AND have I, then, my noble prince; completed  
 our god-like regent's work of thy conversion?  
 Great is the pleasure, to me; great the honour.

ZAIGRI.

Thou hast, indeed, Alvarez; and I feel  
 The happiest hour that e'er inspired my life;  
 It strews my path of time with richest flowers;  
 And spreads before my eye those distant objects,  
 Approximated by the power of fancy,  
 Which, with their glowing tints, their forms expressive,  
 Adorn, diversify, and animate  
 The golden regions of eternal day.

H

ALVAREZ.

A L V A R E Z.

Permit me, then, to aid thy memory,  
 For thy important use ;—more to collect,  
 Compress, concenter, in a moral focus,  
 Those topicks which we have discussed, at large.

Z A I G R I.

I'll hear thee with a fixed, a warm attention.

A L V A R E Z.

The mysteries of our faith, as they're enounced  
 In holy writ, be sure, were never meant,  
 By the pure Source of reason, peace, and love,  
 For objects of perplexed, fatiguing study;  
 Yet less for hot, and rancorous disputation.  
 In intellect, compared with higher scales  
 Of being, we're but pygmies ;—there are truths  
 Of so abstruse, or so sublime a nature,  
 That they admit not sounds for mortal ears,  
 Nor the conceptions of embodied minds.  
 Yet are these mysteries not expressed, in vain.  
 Before the empyreal throne of God,  
 When we imbibe his presence ; when we quaff  
 Knowledge, and immortality ; to learn  
 Those hidden truths completely ; and to trace,  
 With easy penetration, their allusions,  
 Reciprocated from the different parts  
 Of both the sacred codes ; *their* harmony,

Hence, to admire, with more exalted rapture,  
May be our glorious privilege !

Z A I G R I.

Alvarez !

While I pursue thy reason, and thy fancy,  
I own thy force, and I adopt thy flame !

A L V A R E Z.

Meanwhile, my son, these mysteries are inserted,  
Though their extent, their substance, be not known,  
With striking emphasis, in our religion ;  
They give a grandeur to the solemn fabrick ;  
And to a pious temper mould the spirit.  
Perhaps we should not worship even the First  
Of Beings, with such humble adoration,  
And fervour, were he not, THE GREAT UNKNOWN !  
The mind, for every noble enterprize ;  
For all it's noble tones, and energies,  
Requires the grand, the vast, the infinite.  
Hence, the brown horrors of the deepening shade,  
Impervious to the eye, delight the soul,  
Intent on strains of matchless eloquence,  
Enforcing publick virtue. Hence, a forest,  
Lofty in height, thick with umbrageous honours,  
Was the true nymph Egeria, to sage Numa,  
While he, with civil, and with sacred laws,  
Improved the majesty of ancient Rome.  
And, hence, the poet, in his walks retired,  
At calm, and dusky eve (an ivied ruin,

H 2

Of



Of age, and perfect symmetry, imagined,  
 With active magick raising the fine sprites)  
 Sees, through the eye of fancy, airy forms,  
 Gleam, and evolve, and sport athwart the glade,  
 O'ershadowed with the night's approaching awe.  
 But Zaigri, I forget what I propos'd ;  
 I promised to contract, and I expand.

## Z A I G R I .

Thou art concise, to my engaged attention !  
 Charming analogist ! what pity 'tis,  
 That your religion, breathing love, and formed,  
 To spread it's genial empire o'er the world,  
 Should not be, ever, thus pourtrayed in smiles,  
 And ne'er distorted to unnatural frowns !

## A L V A R E Z .

'Tis, that I'm independent of mankind,  
 Have, long been freed from all connexion with them ;  
 Contagious, ever, to our peace, and virtue !  
 That I've acquired this beautiful religion.  
 I owe those truths ethereal, which my spirit  
 Attract, more, and more strongly, to the Father  
 Of spirits, to my reason's full exertion ;  
 My reason uncorrupted, undisturbed ;  
 I owe them to that humble roof of nature ;  
 That grove, that river ; that profound retirement.

## Z A I G R I .

Father, it grieves me, that our intercourse  
 With our own kind, essential, to produce  
 The polished arts, and every great achievement,  
 Should

Should wage, in it's reverse, perpetual war  
With innocence, tranquillity, and virtue.

A L V A R E Z.

Just, the complaint, and just is thy regret.  
Yes, Zaigri ; had I been a selfish artist,  
And figured in the drama of the world ;  
Perhaps, I, now, had been a feverish prelate,  
Fired with ambition, and malignant zeal ;  
Had turned eternal order to confusion ;  
Mangled, with rash, and sacrilegious hand,  
The word of life ; made mysteries more mysterious ;  
Promulged some empty, doating, jingling creed,  
And arrogated, with imperial frown,  
The blind assent of nations. Rebel Reason,  
Perhaps, had spurned, with glorious contumacy :  
Then I had poured my deadly, priestly poison,  
Through some weak monarch's superstitious ear ;  
Lifted him in the devil's cause, and told him  
That it was God's !—The martial trump had sounded ;  
And from the banners, while the cross of Peace,  
Emblem of universal charity,  
Had streamed, and floated, with dire solecism,  
Over our fell crusaders, I had deluged  
Whole realms with blood !

Z A I G R I.

Benign, humane Alvarez !

Methinks, the ghosts of my great ancestors,  
Of many gallant, slaughtered Moors, are, now,  
Impending o'er us, to give evidence

H 3

To

To thy distressful, but authentick picture !  
 Hapless, illustrious, venerated shades !  
 Heaven *has* avenged, or *will* avenge, your cause !

## A L V A R E Z.

You leave a cause, involving human kind,  
 With him, whose equity is pure, whose power  
 Omnipotent.—The ceremonies, rites,  
 The pomp of our religion, we agreed,  
 On fair examination, were not themes  
 For thy severe objection. Long experience  
 Clearly demonstrates, that the major part,  
 The vulgar of mankind ; our general species,  
 Must to their pious duty be allured,  
 And fixed, by solemn, or by splendid objects,  
 That charm, or awe, their minds, in common life.  
 Therefore, as he, who pays his publick homage  
 To these appendages of piety,  
 Which need not check the vitals of religion,  
 Her salutary, her sublime exertions,  
 Acts, the good citizen, the friend of man ;  
 They ne'er will find a caviller in Zaigri.

## Z A I G R I.

Alvarez, I'm completely satisfied.  
 All Spain shall know that I'm a proselyte,  
 Ere many days elapse. Farewell, thou teacher  
 Of perfect righteousness ; if I should fail  
*Thee* to revisit soon, I should reproach  
 This honest heart with base ingratitude.

## A L V A R E Z.



## A L V A R E Z.

Farewell! may Heaven's good Providence preside  
O'er all thy thoughts, and all thy actions!

*[He turns, and goes towards his Cave; he  
returns, and says to Zaigri;—*

Stay;

One warm remembrance more, my son;—observe it,  
Above all faith, all zeal; all other practice;  
*Itself* is all.—Be actively humane;  
For true humanity is proved by deeds:  
As nought but feeling for another's woe  
Can wound the bliss of virtue, the good man  
(As our grim priests will compass sea, and land,  
To stab the soul, to make one profelyte!)  
Will travel patiently, from pole to pole,  
To see the cruel grief that he can soothe!  
He will not only cheer the hoary widow,  
Who shivers at his door, and bid *her* smile;  
But he will traverse all Arabia's sands,  
If he can but subtract a single unit  
From the dread aggregate of human ills.  
He'll plunge into a dangerous sea of sorrow;  
He'll dive into the dank, and noisome dungeon;  
And there, to poverty, and crimes, by culprits  
Of greater guilt, in elevated office,  
To the worst fate condemned, this god-like man  
Will blooming health restore, and purer air,  
And, in their breasts, the rays of hope relumine!

H 4

Z A I G R I.

Z A I G R I.

A glorious doctrine ! and my soul assures me,  
It is not difficult !——Farewell, Alvarez !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A L O N Z O, *and* G A T I N A R A.

A L O N Z O.

My worthy Gatinara, many years  
Have now elapsed, since we enjoyed together  
Our lively hours of youth, that made time rapid !  
I, from two causes, am o'erjoyed to meet thee !  
The pleasing sight of a sincere, old friend,  
Gives back our past, and, oft, our best existence ;  
And, sure, thy message, at this crisis, brings  
Grateful intelligence to Ximenes.  
But Gatinara, what peculiar object  
Is agitated at the court of Brussels ?  
I'm not presuming to inquire too far.

G A T I N A R A.

What much employs *our* minds, must actuate *yours* ;  
Our sovereign's voyage to his realms of Spain ;  
The preparations for this great event  
Are all compleated ; many hearts, Alonzo,  
Now burn with loyal prayers ; but more with anxious  
Wishes of private interest, and ambition.  
A letter to your venerable regent,  
Which only to himself I must deliver,  
With the most expeditious use of time,

Was,

Was, by our minister, with me entrusted.  
Then wilt thou, soon, Alonzo, for thy friend,  
Procure an audience of the cardinal ?

A L O N Z O.

Dispatch has been, with *me*, a golden rule;  
And sure it's practice I'll exert for thee.  
Two objects of important magnitude  
Will mark this sad, yet this auspicious æra ;  
The long-desired arrival of our prince ;  
And, much I fear, the death of Ximenes.  
Age, complicated cares of government,  
And deadly poison, press him to the grave.  
Curse on the iron heart that first suggested,  
The head that plotted, and the hand that laid  
This baleful ambush for my honoured master ;  
Of Spain the glory, to the human race  
A friend, and an illustrious ornament !  
Although his pulse of life it's usual office  
Performs with feeble, and reluctant motion,  
His loyal heart still pants to meet his sovereign ;  
And, with that view, forthwith he purposes  
A journey to Aranda ! Ximenes,  
Like all great souls, on fire for arduous deeds,  
Is, to the last, consistent ; of himself  
Is emulous ; and even with death contends.  
King never owed so deep a debt to subject,  
As stands betwixt our monarch, and his regent.  
Excuse me Gatinara ; honest zeal  
Makes me forget my promise ; let us go ;  
You shall not be detained by *my* delay.

[*Exeunt.*  
S C E N E



## S C E N E III.

DUKE of MEDINA SIDONIA—ZAIGRI.

Z A I G R I.

You say, *you're* satisfied, my lord ;—I'm happy :  
 Then wound me not with your apologies.  
 Even active malice I forgive, with ease,  
 When it's hostilities no more can hurt me.  
 But should I have a heart inexorable  
 To honest prejudices ; nor, with candour,  
 Meet their conciliating, benignant smile,  
 How grossly would myself be prejudiced !  
 Environed, from our birth, with favourite objects,  
 Of ease, love, pleasure, friendship, veneration,  
 Which model, and attach, with strong controul,  
 The willing senses, the resisting mind ;  
 Should we boast freedom from all prepossession,  
 The mortal man would arrogate the angel.  
 I have *my* prejudices ; 'tis my study,  
 To soften, to subdue them.

D U K E.

Royal Zaigri !

In soul a king ! These noble sentiments  
 Reproach my opposition to thy wishes.

Z A I G R I.

'Tis an unmeant reproach. { Besides, those wishes  
 No longer thou opposest ; hence, my Lord,  
 Each thought, *here* entertained, is, now, thy friend.

'Tis

'Tis *thy* esteem that gives me Leonora;  
 And can I feel resentment against *thee*!  
 Strange, most unnatural animosity!  
 The fortunate in love, were never captious.  
 'Tis a conciliating, refining passion;—  
 Absorbs all other cares; represses, foils,  
 Annihilates each mean propensity!  
 'Tis our internal sun; without *it's* power,  
 Souls of fine temper feel existence dreary;  
 From *it's* full influence, life yields true fruition;  
 And all is animation; all is joy!  
 —My Lord, I've told you my determination;  
 'Tis, to renounce the worship of my fathers,  
 On the next Sabbath, and to be baptised  
 Into the Christian faith. You'll, then, excuse  
 Impatience in a lover; ardently  
 I wish, that Leonora heard these tidings;  
 You, now, completely may contrast her pain.

## D U K E.

I will not lose a moment to oblige you. [*He rings.*  
 Though while this obligation is conferred,  
 I but perform the duty of a father. [*Enters a Servant.*  
 You'll tell my daughter, that I wish to see her.

[*Exit Servant.*

[*Leonora enters, pays her compliments, with  
 confusion, to both.*

ZAIGRI, *advancing, and bowing to her.*

At length, my virtuous love of Leonora  
 Obtains the sacred sanction of her father.

LEONORA.

LEONORA.

Where am I? do I wake? or do I dream?  
And yet, my dreams were ever more portentous!  
Sure, Zaigri cannot mock me; sure, my father  
Can never taunt the miseries of his daughter!

DUKE.

Thy lover, Leonora, is a Christian!

LEONORA.

The news, you'll think, my Lord, should give me  
rapture!  
As yet, it but produces agitation,  
That wildly flutters 'twixt the two extremes  
Of joyful, and of mortifying thoughts!  
I know, he has not changed his faith, from *fear*;  
I hope, he has not changed his faith, from *love*.

Z A I G R I.

The Moors, fair Leonora, are as truthful  
As your Castilians;—know that I'm a Christian,  
A proselyte, from rational conviction;  
From the result of calm, and close inquiry;  
From the free choice of an impartial mind,  
He, who, for truth, shrunk not from racks, or flames,  
Would, but, alone, for that celestial object,  
With equal firmness, quit the joys of love.  
My counsellours, in this important change,  
Were, an Alvarez, and a Ximenes;  
Judge of their knowledge, their integrity.

LEONORA.



LEONORA.

Then, is *this* hour most prodigal of blifs  
 Of all that ever crowned my day with-pleasure.  
 Good Heaven ! I thank thee for my sufferings past !  
 They give a double zest to present joy !  
 As April's tears augment the flush of spring !  
 Thou surely canst not think I entertain [To Zaigri.  
 A moment's doubt of thy sincerity.  
 Each eye, my Lord, with common vifual ray,  
 [To the Duke.

May, to the bottom fee, of Zaigri's soul :  
 It is a pure, a clear, ambrofial fountain,  
 Reflecting every object it contains,  
 In it's true magnitude, and form, and colour.  
 Sordid hypocrify, and noble Zaigri,  
 Are, ever, farther than the poles, afunder :  
 Such men as *he*, are images of God !

DUKE.

Daughter, I love thee for thy honeft ardour ;  
 But let it know it's bounds, nor blaze to rapture.

LEONORA.

Oh ! pardon me, my venerated father !  
 My mind muft, now, take it's unbounded range !  
 This rapture let me offer, now, to Zaigri,  
 An incense far inferiour to his merit.  
 Long hath he toiled, and often courted danger,  
 To earn the hero's laurel, in the field ;  
 Then, for this bridegroom's brow, 'tis mine, to form  
 A wreath of chafte, and ever-blooming myrtle.  
 Why,

Why, at this crisis, need I fear to open  
 The intimate recesses of my soul ?  
 No!—let the venal, and ambitious fair,  
 Dupes to life's idle pageants, wealth, and grandeur,  
 Who, with bold perjuries, at Heaven's dread altar,  
 Astonish trembling faints, and listening angels,  
 Observers vigilant of human actions ;—  
 Let *them*, with specious manners, specious words,  
 Varnish their guilt, and act a laboured part ;  
 The artless mind has nothing to conceal.

## D U K E.

Proceed, without reserve ; I'll not be wounded  
 By thy integrity ; thy father taught thee,  
 Even from thy infancy, to be sincere.

## L E O N O R A.

I now evince my reverence to his precepts ;  
 And such a proof, I trust, will ne'er offend.  
 Although with pious, and observant heart,  
 The hallowed faith I worship, of my fathers,  
 Yet should I live, in some retreat, with Zaigri,  
 Remote from the communion of the church,  
 And of the world ; and should we, there, converse,  
 As we were used, in sacred dialogue,  
 On virtue, on eternity, on God ;  
 I should, nor with temerity, conclude,  
 We practised, *then*, the Catholick religion ;  
 I should forget it's engines, in it's essence :  
 And with the rising, and descending sun,  
 With holy warmth, if we should kneel, together,  
 Beneath

Beneath the foliage of some lofty grove,  
 Which undulated to the breath of Zephyr,  
 And bowed Heaven's acquiescence to our prayer ;  
 I should be satisfied, that our devotions  
 Were offered in a consecrated temple ;  
 Nor painfully be anxious to frequent  
 The churches of Madrid, or Saragossa.  
 Our mansion in the humble vale of life ;  
 Zaigri's fair fame ; his animating converse ;  
 My emulation of his great example,  
 And Heaven's paternal eye, would prove, *to me*,  
 All wealth, all power, all grandeur, all religion !

Z A I G R I.

Oh ! Leonora ! if, to eloquence,  
 Thy lover had been trained, instead of arms,  
 The noble tribute of *thy* generous praise  
 The orator could never have repayed !  
 No words are adequate ; it must be thanked  
 By my endeavours to deserve it more !

D U K E.

Love, and romance, I find, are still connected.  
 We must allow their union. Thy excess  
[To Leonora.]  
 Is beauteous ; for it flows from ardent virtue !

Z A I G R I.

We fixed the time, my Lord, when my conversion  
 Should, in your church, be fully ratified.  
 Let me request, on that auspicious day,

The



The hand of Leonora; let my wish  
Meet your acceptance.

D U K E.

Never was proposal  
More grateful to my ear.

L E O N O R A.

And if it drew *my* frown,  
After a life thus far to truth devoted,  
A moment would have taught me to dissemble.

Z A I G R I, *embracing her.*

Thanks inexpressible my soul returns thee,  
For this last proof of thy sincerity!  
But let us, without loss of time, my friends,  
With this eventful, and propitious scene,  
A little strength impart, and steddier flame,  
To our good regent's quivering lamp of life.  
His feeble age is, like his vigorous youth,  
Employed; he still promotes the good of man.  
Then, you may judge, with what a lively sense,  
He feels the happiness of those he loves.  
My lord, I'll follow you.—My Leonora!  
*Our* fortune shows that we should ne'er despond.  
Let fell despair, at length, assail the breast  
Long obstinate in crimes; 'twas never meant  
By Heaven, that the wild fiend should seize on virtue!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

XIMENES, ALONZO, and GATINARA.

XIMENES, *supported by Alonzo.*

Nature, I, now, feel quite exhausted in me;  
But he, who dies, in the discharge of duty,  
Provides himself, for his departing soul,  
A good viaticum: well, Gatinara,  
Pray, what is *your* commission? from my king,  
A message, even before 'tis known, revives me.

*[He seats himself on a sofa.]*

GATINARA.

I have a letter for your Excellence,  
Which to deliver only to yourself,  
I strictly was enjoined.

*[He gives to Ximenes the letter.]*

XIMENES.

Read it, Alonzo;  
I know that Gatinara may be trusted.

ALONZO, *reads.*

“ We have your services in good remembrance;  
“ But our arrival on the Spanish coast,  
“ Whither we mean, without delay, to fail,  
“ Think not, with your infirmities, to welcome,  
“ In person; therefore, when you've read this letter,  
“ Strait, to your holy see, and peace, retire.  
“ You've led a life of spirit, and of action;  
“ But gentler, better scenes, your age demands;

I

“ Ease,

“ Ease, and a calm attention to the souls

“ Committed to your care, and to your own.

“ Farewell, good Cardinal ; may Heaven protect you.

CHARLES, Rex.”

*[While Alonzo reads the letter, the action of Ximenes  
expresses grief, and horror ; at the close of it, he  
faints.]*

A L O N Z O.

I fear, this letter was the dart of death ;  
It must pierce all who know the worth it wounds.

G A T I N A R A.

At a most inauspicious time it reached him ;  
I dread the consequence !—But he recovers !

X I M E N E S.

Alonzo ; did mine ear inform me rightly ?  
Although this royal mandate was inhuman,  
I felt it far too deeply ;—flagging nature  
Deserts, betrays, the vigour of my mind !  
Is this my aged loyalty’s reward ?  
—Yes, feeble as I am, my zealous heart  
Proposed to meet it’s prince !—Ungenerous letter !  
It is a snake, not half-concealed in flowers !  
Am I disgraced, when, surely, I deserved  
A civick wreath !—But, haply, I forgot,  
I lost in the business, and the pomp of state,  
The sacred page that warns us not to trust  
In princes ! I have now, for fifty years,  
Been anxious, been industrious to augment  
The Spanish glory !—Shade of Isabella !

Now



Now long beatified ! Fair, great, and good !  
How would *thy* soul have shuddered, thus to treat  
An old, and faithful servant !—Who disturbs me ?

[*A rap without ; Alonzo advances towards the door.*

*A Messenger, says,*

The Moorish prince, Medina's duke, his daughter,  
Desire to speak with Ximenes.

A L O N Z O.

He cannot

Admit them now.

X I M E N E S.

Receive them, good Alonzo ;  
I still can give attention to my friends :  
My life is short ; once more I'll see, and hear them.  
Let me expire, myself ; and to this letter,  
Which looks a dæmon, give an angel's office ;  
Yes ;—let it break the feeble ligaments,  
Which hold me yet to earth.

[*Enter Duke, Zaigri, Leonora.*

X I M E N E S.

Welcome, my friends !  
Read, here, a living, yet, a dying lesson ;  
'Tis useful ; and (farewell reserve !) 'tis big  
With the deformity of human nature !  
My noble Duke ; though you, and I, have differed,  
I know your heart so well, and my own conscience,  
That, I'm persuaded, you'll regret my fall !

## D U K E.

Even when thy power, with vigour, was directed  
 Against my family ; trust me, this heart  
 Breathed an involuntary kiss of homage  
 Toward thy threatening hand ! my soul is wounded,  
 To see thy discomposure !—But explain  
 A word of mystery ;—what means, thy *fall* ?

## X I M E N E S.

It seems, the sight of *me*, would hurt our sovereign !  
 He even anticipates a friend's disgrace ;  
 And to perpetual exile from his presence,  
 Condemns me, ere himself arrives in Spain.  
 This cruel thought disarms my resolution ;  
 And stimulates, again, my pungent feelings !  
 'Twas an unkind return, for all the plans,  
 Formed, for *his* greatness, in this aged head,  
 Whiter, perhaps, by ardent cares for *him*,  
 Than by the frost of time !—My God, forgive me,  
 Who seest our inmost springs of thought, and action ;  
 Seest, how this blow must shock my languid mind,  
 In natural sympathy with a weak body !—  
 Forgive me, after I aspired to Heaven,  
 For this relapse to earth !—I'll change my objects.  
 Zaigri, to you, and to fair Leonora,  
 I sooner should have payed a friend's attention.  
 Speak ;—tell me all you wish that I should know,  
 While I have power to hear it !

## Z A I G R I.

First, my Lord,  
 Accept

Accept the sorrow of two friendly bosoms,  
That share the conflict of thy noble mind!

LEONORA.

Heaven is my witness, were my earthly bliss  
Whatever love, and virtue can imagine,  
My knowledge of *thy* wrongs, oh! Ximenes!  
And of thy sufferings, would obscure it's lustre!

XIMENES.

Old as I am, I credit what *you* say.

Z A I G R I.

Fool that I was, inured to disappointments,  
I fondly hoped, with pleasure unallayed,  
To tell thee, that, from conscience, I abjure  
The sensual paradise of Mahomet,  
And am a convert to the Christian law.  
The frankness of thy honest proselyte  
Forthwith receives an ample retribution;  
Paternal sanction to a lover's wishes;  
The nuptial hand, and heart of Leonora.

XIMENES.

You've always, in essentials, been a Christian:  
Hence, your transition to our form is easy.  
I'm pleased that you renounce pernicious tenets,  
Enforcing bloodshed, and licentious rapine.  
Zaigri's example will produce effects  
Powerful, and salutary.—Both approach;

*[They approach and kneel.]*

And



And take my benediction.—Health, peace, virtue,  
 And her best retributions in *this* world,  
 Be ever yours, through a precarious life !  
 And to your future wishes, may Heaven's mercy  
 Open the gates of everlasting day !  
 —A heavy vapour swims before my sight !  
 A deathful chillness, too, creeps through my heart !  
 Alonzo !

A L O N Z O .

My good lord !

X I M E N E S .

Look well, and tell me,  
 What secretary wrote that cruel letter ?

A L O N Z O ;—*after having examined the Letter.*  
 I'm certain of the hand, my lord ; 'tis Mota's.

X I M E N E S .

And did not shame check his ingratitude ?  
 Then our young king, and his amanuensis,  
 Hold forth two dire examples of mankind.  
 I trained the rising talents of this Mota,  
 With my expence, and care ; nor did I quit  
 My close attention to him, till I fixed him  
 In opulence, and power episcopal !  
 Is *this* the merit that deserves a mitre !  
 Can consecration lock the human heart  
 With selfishness, and flint !—Farewell, for ever,  
 To these detested objects !—Gatinara !  
 Is Gatinara there ?

G A T I N A R A .

G A T I N A R A.

My lord, I'm with you.

X I M E N E S.

Mark what I say ;—one favour of your prince,  
And only one I beg ; Giraldo's life.  
*He* stabbed a traitor, and a murderer ;  
*Some*, not responsible to *this* world's justice,  
Give an affassin's blow to their best friends.  
—May Fame forgive me, if, while I'm contending  
With the keen wounds of black ingratitude,  
And with my last mortal infirmities,  
My history closes with defective glory.  
I, who have often struck the base, the mean,  
With trembling fear, humiliate, now, myself.  
But with a farewell effort, I'll collect  
My parting soul ; that it may wing it's flight,  
With all it's native, it's habitual vigour.  
For I am going to the king of kings,  
The final sentence of whose dread tribunal  
No petty monarch of our earth escapes ;  
And where the worthy find their due reward :  
No Austrian cabinet can wrong me, there.  
My God ; my Father ! If, through a long life,  
I've worshipped thee, in spirit, and in truth ;  
If, justice, in proportion to my power,  
I still have executed ; if distress,  
Whene'er its woes I knew, still found, in me,  
An ardent, indefatigable friend ;  
Accept thy servant with paternal mercy !  
And, if, to crush the proud, the insolent ;  
To baffle malice, and to humble tyrants ;

Im-

Important offices, for publick weal,  
 Sometimes, my consequence, in my own eyes,  
 The individual's pride, was too much pleased ;  
 Forgive my frailty, for the general good,  
 Which even the narrow love of self effected !  
 —Sure nature stagnates, now, through all my frame !  
 How cold, and dark it feels !—This faithless world  
 Recedes !—It flies before me !—Honest Zaigri !  
 Thy image, too, I lose !—But we shall meet  
 In realms of purer life !—In light eternal !

[*He dies.*

LEONORA.

Ne'er will his voice again instruct his friends !  
 Our just, our generous regent is no more !

DUKE.

He's dead !—And Spain hath lost her brightest  
 glory !  
 Why need we wonder, that his thread of life,  
 A long, and shining thread, already worn  
 Extremely fine, by this last stroke was severed ?  
 Keen was the fatal stroke, and unexpected !

ALONZO.

Mysterious Heaven ! Thou, only, canst atone  
 For the hard fate of my illustrious master !  
 Poison had, more than age, wasted his body ;  
 A poisoned shaft hath, now, transfixed his mind !



## Z A I G R I.

As great a soul, this instant, hath expired,  
As e'er departed, with it's mortal breath.  
If genius, of resistless energy,  
Splendid, at once, and useful ; and if virtue,  
Of finest temperature, sublimest ardour,  
Both, long exerted in distinguished station,  
Can make man's memory august, *his* fame  
Will last, and flourish, to the end of time!  
His life repeats a document to mortals,  
Of the first moral import. Let the gay,  
The thoughtless, and licentious, think, awhile,  
What future miseries, even, *here*, await them ;  
Since *he*, though temperate, sage ; though just, and  
good,  
Experienced insults, disappointments, pains.  
And if to Ximenes, for princely favours,  
Ingratitude most barbarous was returned,  
Let vice, appalled with melancholy fear,  
Let virtue, kindled with hope's golden rays,  
Expect the justice of their God, hereafter,  
Completed, in the equitable world!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

V

I

R

A

S

A

T

I

I

T

C

A

I

C

S

S

## THE EPILOGUE;

Written by the Authour, and intended for LEONORA.

**L**ADIES, I must confess, I've played the fool;  
But when could reason love romantick rule?  
For though you'll own that valour graced the Moor,  
And truth; yet he was execrably poor;  
I, the first heiress in the realms of Spain,  
And he, without an acre of domain!  
Titles we idolize; and I had been,  
In Zaigri's wife, a titular queen;  
But what effects proceed from rank alone?  
—Our numerous wants are eminently shown;  
Chill penury with frost intenser stings;  
And sharpens all the ridicule she brings.

From Corfica—the fact we all must know;  
It passed, not half a century ago  
(Before Paoli's grew Timoleon's fame)—  
A hapless king, and Theodore his name,  
A prisoner in the fleet, resigned his breath,  
Where oft enormous debts are payed;—by death.  
Say, while he breathed it's inauspicious air,  
Did luxury, did flattery soothe him, there?  
Did one good statesman, free from courtly guile,  
Grieve at his frown, or triumph in his smile?

Than with a phantom struck, to wed renown,  
A barren laurel, or ideal crown;  
Better, to sink in ignominious down;  
To bid our Cupid take his prudent stand  
On some rough northern squire's extensive land;

}

Or,



## E P I L O G U E.

Or, by an alderman's unwieldy side,  
To sleep ;—or wake ;—at least, a *wealthy* bride:

Yet, there's a truth betwixt each false extreme,  
The selfish blunder, and the airy dream ;  
And nature will, sometimes, resistless rise,  
A glorious rebel, against art's disguise ;  
And force even folly to be truly wise.  
Sage parents, and ye modish fair, excuse  
The momentary sermon of the muse.  
A venal world, impatient to be sold,  
Rashly ascribes omnipotence to gold :  
But there's a source of bliss to married life,  
Of Hymen's brightest honours, to the wife ;  
A worth, unmoved by fortune's blind controul,  
Enthroned, enshrined, for ever, in the soul ;  
Diffusing orient rays, that far outshine  
The stars terrestrial from Golconda's mine !